

Amy G Abbot.



JULIUS CÆSAR.

(Bust in the Museum of Naples.)

SHAKESPEARE'S
TRAGEDY OF
JULIUS CÆSAR

EDITED, WITH NOTES

BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT.D.

FORMERLY HEAD MASTER OF THE HIGH SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK :: CINCINNATI :: CHICAGO
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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JULIUS CÆSAR.

W. P. 10

PREFACE

My first work on Shakespeare for publication was an American edition of Craik's *English of Shakespeare* (a critical commentary on *Julius Cæsar*), prepared in 1867 while I was still teaching in the Cambridge High School. In that antediluvian period — before the recent deluge of annotated English classics for educational use — there was no school edition of Shakespeare. I had used Craik's book for oral instruction with a class in *Julius Cæsar*, and thought it might prove as helpful and suggestive to other teachers as I myself had found it; and my edition has had a steady sale down to the present time.

In 1872 I made the edition of *Julius Cæsar* on which the present one is based. It was revised in 1883, when the insertion of line numbers in text and notes necessitated a new set of plates; and slight changes and additions have since been made when the book had to be reprinted.

In the more thorough revision for the present edition the changes are mainly due to those which have taken place in the educational situation during the past thirty years. For instance, most of the notes on *textual variations* have been omitted. There are very few of these in the present play, and they are now accessible to the teacher in the "Cambridge" and other standard editions. I have also omitted most of the "Critical Comments" from the introduction, as the books from

which they were taken are now to be found in most of the public and school libraries. For these extracts I have substituted familiar comments of my own, and have added others of the same kind in the Appendix. A concise account of Shakespeare's metre has also been inserted as an introduction to the Notes.

Minor changes have been made throughout the Notes. Some have been condensed, some have been expanded and new ones have been added here and there. All references to my editions of other plays have been omitted, their place being supplied by independent notes.

Though no radical changes have been made in the original plan, the present edition is substantially a new book, and many teachers will, I think, prefer it to the old one. Both, however, can be used, without serious inconvenience, in the same class or club.

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ROMAN SOLDIERS



ROMAN TEMPLE, RESTORED

INTRODUCTION TO JULIUS CÆSAR

THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY

*The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar*¹ was first published in the Folio of 1623, where it was printed with remarkable accuracy, and no play of Shakespeare's presents fewer textual difficulties.

The date at which the drama was written had been variously fixed by the critics before Halliwell-Phillipps proved that it was written "in or before the year 1601." This appears "from the following lines in John Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, printed in that year — lines

¹ This is the title at the beginning of the play and at the head of each page, but in the table of contents (or, as it is called, "A CATALOGVE of the seuerall Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume") it is given as *The Life and Death of Julius Cæsar*.

which unquestionably are to be traced to a recollection of Shakespeare's drama, not to that of the history as given by Plutarch:—

“‘The many-headed multitude were drawne
By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious;
When eloquent Mark Antonie had showne
His vertues, who but Brutus then was vicious?’”

But Weever in his dedication states that his book “some two years ago was made fit for the print.” We may therefore assume that *Julius Cæsar* was written as early as 1599. As it is not included in the famous list of Shakespeare's plays in Francis Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, published in September, 1598, it is improbable that it was then in existence. Moreover, the internal evidence of metre, style, etc., favours the date as thus fixed within very narrow limits.

The play appears to be alluded to in Ben Jonson's *Every Man Out of His Humour* (1599) in which (iii. 1) Clove begins a speech thus: “Then coming to the pretty animal, as Reason long since is fled to animals, you know,” etc. Compare *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 2. 106:—

“O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!”

THE HISTORICAL SOURCES OF THE PLAY

It appears from Peck's “Collection of divers curious historical pieces, etc.” (appended to his *Memoirs of*

Oliver Cromwell), that a Latin play on this subject, entitled *Epilogus Cæsaris interfecti*, had been written as early as 1582, by Dr. Richard Eedes, and acted at Christ Church College, Oxford. This was very likely the drama referred to in *Hamlet* (iii. 2. 103 fol.):—

Hamlet. My lord, you play'd once i' th' university, you say?

Polonius. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Hamlet. What did you enact?

Polonius. I did enact Julius Cæsar. I was kill'd i' th' Capitol; Brutus kill'd me."

Stephen Gosson also, in his *School of Abuse*, 1579, refers to plays on the subject of Cæsar and Pompey (Ward); and there were doubtless other early English plays based on the story of Cæsar. But the only source from which Shakespeare appears to have derived his materials was Sir Thomas North's version of *Plutarch's Lives* (translated from the French of Amyot), first published in 1579. He has followed his authority closely, not only in the main incidents, but often in the minutest details of the action. This has been well stated by Gervinus in his *Shakespeare Commentaries* (Bunnett's translation): "The component parts of the drama are borrowed from the biographies of Brutus and Cæsar in such a manner that not only the historical action in its ordinary course, but also the single characteristic traits in incidents and speeches, nay, even single expressions and words, are taken from Plutarch; even such as are not anecdotal or of an epigrammatic nature, even such as one unacquainted with Plutarch would consider in

form and manner to be quite Shakespearian, and which have not unfrequently been quoted as his peculiar property, testifying to the poet's deep knowledge of human nature. From the triumph over Pompey (or rather over his sons), the silencing of the two tribunes, and the crown offered at the Lupercalian feast, until Cæsar's murder, and from thence to the battle of Philippi and the closing words of Antony, which are in part exactly as they were delivered, all in this play is essentially Plutarch. The omens of Cæsar's death, the warnings of the augur and of Artemidorus, the absence of the heart in the animal sacrificed, Calpurnia's dream; the peculiar traits of Cæsar's character, his superstition regarding the touch of barren women in the course, his remarks about thin people like Cassius; all the circumstances about the conspiracy where no oath was taken, the character of Ligarius, the withdrawal of Cicero; the whole relation of Portia to Brutus, her words, his reply, her subsequent anxiety and death; the circumstances of Cæsar's death, the very arts and means of Decius Brutus to induce him to leave home; all the minutest particulars of his murder, the behaviour of Antony and its result, the murder of the poet Cinna; further on, the contention between the republican friends respecting Lucius Pella and the refusal of the money, the dissension of the two concerning the decisive battle, their conversation about suicide, the appearance of Brutus's evil genius, the mistakes in the battle, its double issue, its repetition, the suicide of both

friends, and Cassius's death by the same sword with which he killed Cæsar—all is taken from Plutarch's narrative, from which the poet had only to omit whatever destroyed the unity of the action."

The period of the action of the play extends from the feast of the *Lupercalia*, in February of the year 44 B.C. to the battle of Philippi, in the autumn of the year 42 B.C.

JULIUS CÆSAR IN SHAKESPEARE

It is evident, as Craik notes, in his *English of Shakespeare*, that the character and history of Cæsar had taken a strong hold of Shakespeare's imagination. There is perhaps no other historical personage who is so often alluded to in the plays. After quoting illustrative passages from *As You Like It*, *2 Henry IV.*, *Henry V.*, the three parts of *Henry VI.*, *Richard III.*, *Hamlet*, and *Cymbeline*, Craik remarks: "These passages, taken all together, and some of them more particularly, will probably be thought to afford a considerably more comprehensive representation of 'the mighty Julius' than the play which bears his name. We cannot be sure that the play was so entitled by Shakespeare. 'The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar,' or 'The Life and Death of Julius Cæsar,' would describe no more than the half of it. Cæsar's part terminates with the opening of act iii.; after that, on to the end, we have nothing more of him but his dead body, his ghost, and his memory. The play might more

fitly be called after Brutus than after Cæsar. And still more remarkable is the partial delineation that we have of the man. We have a distinct exhibition of little else beyond his vanity and arrogance, relieved and set off by his good nature or affability. He is brought before us only as 'the spoilt child of victory.' All the grandeur and predominance of his character is kept in the background, or in the shade — to be inferred, at most, from what is said by the other *dramatis personæ* — by Cassius on the one hand and by Antony on the other in the expression of their own diametrically opposite natures and aims, and in a very few words by the calmer, milder, and juster Brutus — nowhere manifested by himself. It might almost be suspected that the complete and full-length Cæsar had been carefully reserved for another drama. Even Antony is only half delineated here, to be brought forward again on another scene. . . . Cæsar is only a subordinate character in the present play; his death is but an incident in the progress of the plot. The first figures, standing conspicuously out from all the rest, are Brutus and Cassius."

Hazlitt, in a similar vein, says that the hero of the play "makes several vapouring and rather pedantic speeches, and does nothing; indeed, he has nothing to do." Other critics have been equally puzzled by Shakespeare's delineation of Cæsar in this play. Hudson, indeed, goes so far as to call it "a downright caricature"; and he is in doubt how to explain it.

To my thinking, the explanation lies on the surface.

The "complete and full-length Cæsar" could not be fully and fairly presented in these closing days of his career. As Hazlitt has said, he *does* nothing, has nothing to do. It might be added that he has nothing even to *say* — in the way of heroic utterance. He is merely the "walking gentleman" of the stage in two or three scenes before he has to stand up and be killed at the beginning of the third act. What opportunity has he to impress us as "great Cæsar" unless by directly telling us that he is such? A certain assumption of the god, a certain boastful insistence on his freedom from ordinary human weakness — that he is *not* one of the cowards that "die many times before their deaths," *not* one whom flattery or importunity can induce to bend from his fixed purpose — this is all that is left him for asserting his preëminence over "ordinary men." It is Plutarch's Cæsar that the dramatist reproduces — ambitious for kingly power, somewhat spoiled by victory, jealous of his enemies in the state, somewhat fearful and superstitious withal, yet hiding his fears under an arrogant and haughty demeanour. Some of his boastful speeches are directly suggested by Plutarch; as, for instance, the one just quoted about cowards. Plutarch says that when his friends "did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person," he would not consent to it, "but said it was better to die once than always to be afraid of death."

Shall we then say with some of the critics that Cæsar is in no sense the hero of the play, and that it should

not have been named for him, but should have been called *Marcus Brutus* instead? The important place that Brutus fills is obvious; but Cæsar is nevertheless the mainspring of the action, and appropriately furnishes the title for the play. It is true that up to the time of his death he has done nothing, said nothing, of much interest or importance; but his real share in the action, paradoxical as it may seem, *begins* with his death. He is, so to speak, "a very lively corpse"; and Shakespeare has emphasized the fact by several significant utterances. Note Antony's graphic prophecy over the dead body of the dictator — the vision of the "domestic fury and fierce civil strife" that are to follow the murder: —

"And Cæsar's *spirit*, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war."

And later, how eloquently does Antony make "sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths," speak for him to the crowd in the forum, who rush to "fire the traitors' houses" with the very brands from the funeral pile of Cæsar!

And Cæsar is still "the evil spirit" of the conspirators, as his ghost warns Brutus on his first visit, and will "see him again" on the battlefield that is to settle his fate. And there at Philippi both Brutus and Cassius, as the poet takes pains to tell us with their own mouths, die by the very swords that had been turned against Cæsar. As Cassius falls, he cries: —

“Cæsar, thou art revenged
Even with the sword that killed thee!”

And Brutus, looking on the dead Cassius, exclaims:—

“O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy *spirit* walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.”

It is not long before he verifies this by his own suicide;
and again, in his last words, he pays tribute to the power
of the murdered Julius:—

“Cæsar, now be still;
I killed not thee with half so good a will.”

As I have said, these are significant utterances. Shakespeare meant that we should not fail to see that Cæsar, though dead, was “mighty yet,” the ruling spirit, the Nemesis, of the latter half of the play, making good his right to the honour given him in the title, as he had nowise had the opportunity of doing in the earlier half.



STANDARD BEARERS

JULIUS CÆSAR

A detailed technical illustration of a mechanical device, likely a pump or engine component. The drawing shows a vertical assembly with a central cylinder and piston mechanism. Various parts are labeled with letters from A to Z. The illustration is a black and white line drawing with cross-hatching for shading. The components include a main vertical shaft, a piston rod, a connecting rod, and a crankshaft. There are also various bolts, nuts, and structural supports. The overall design is complex and precise, typical of a technical manual or patent drawing.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS,
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } Triumvirs, after the death of
Julius Cæsar.

POPILIUS LENA,
MARCUS BRUTUS,

CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,

LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA,

FLAVIUS, } Tribunes.

MARULLUS,)
ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.

ARTEMIDORUS
A Soothsayer.

CINNA, a Poet.

Another Poet.

LUCILIUS,
TITINIUS,
MESSALA. } Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

MESSALA,
Young CATO.

VOLUMNIUS.

VARRO,

CLITUS,

CLAUDIUS,

STRATO,

LUCIUS,
D. 177-178

DARDANIUS,
BIBULAE §.

PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.

CALPURNIA, Wife to Cæsar.

PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE, during a great part of the play, at Rome;
afterwards at Sardis, and near Philippi.



ROMAN FORUM, RESTORED

ACT I

SCENE I. *Rome. A Street*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of Citizens

Flavius. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home.

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession? — Speak, what trade art thou?

1 Citizen. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Marullus. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on? —
You, sir, what trade are you?

2 Citizen. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I
am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Marullus. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 *Citizen.* A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Marullus. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 *Citizen.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Marullus. What meanest thou by that? Mend me thou saucy fellow?

2 *Citizen.* Why, sir, cobble you.

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Flavius. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Citizen.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters nor women's matters, but withal I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flavius. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 *Citizen.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Marullus. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,

To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And, when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flavius. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this
fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.—

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

See whether their basest metal be not mov'd!
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

Go you down that way towards the Capitol ;
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Marullus. May we do so ?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flavius. It is no matter ; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets ;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsars wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

70

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Public Place*

*Enter, in procession with Music, CÆSAR ; ANTONY
for the course ; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO,
BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great crowd following,
among them a Soothsayer.*

Cæsar. Calpurnia !

Casca.

Peace, ho ! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*

Cæsar. Calpurnia !

Calpurnia.

Here, my lord.

Cæsar. Stand you directly in Antonius' way
When he doth run his course. — Antonius !

Antony. Cæsar, my lord !

Cæsar. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,

To touch Calpurnia ; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Antony. I shall remember ;

When Cæsar says ' Do this,' it is perform'd. 10

Cæsar. Set on, and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*

Soothsayer. Cæsar !

Cæsar. Ha ! who calls ?

Casca. Bid every noise be still. — Peace yet again !

[*Music ceases.*

Cæsar. Who is it in the press that calls on me ?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry ' Cæsar.' Speak ; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Soothsayer. Beware the ides of March.

Cæsar. What man is that ?

Brutus. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of
March.

Cæsar. Set him before me ; let me see his face.

Cassius. Fellow, come from the throng ; look upon

Cæsar. 20

Cæsar. What say'st thou to me now ? Speak once
again.

Soothsayer. Beware the ides of March.

Cæsar. He is a dreamer ; let us leave him. — Pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*

Cassius. Will you go see the order of the course ?

Brutus. Not I.

Cassius. I pray you, do.

Brutus. I am not gamesome ; I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;
I 'll leave you.

Cassius. Brutus, I do observe you now of late :
I have not from your eyes that gentleness 30
And show of love as I was wont to have ;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Brutus. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd ; if I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours ;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved, — 40
Among which number, Cassius, be you one, —
Nor construe any further my neglect
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cassius. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion ;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Brutus. No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection by some other things.

Cassius. 'T is just ; 50
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,

That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Brutus. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself 60
For that which is not in me?

Cassius. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to
hear ;
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I your glass
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus :
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester ; if you know 70
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
And after scandal them ; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*

Brutus. What means this shouting? I do fear the
people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cassius.

Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus. I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well. —
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me? 80If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently ;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.*Cassius.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story. —I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but, for my single self, 90
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.I was born free as Cæsar, so were you ;
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, ' Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ! ' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow ; so, indeed, he did.The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside 100

And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink.'
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber 110
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him I did mark
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan; 120
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl. — Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*]

Brutus. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar. 130

Cassius. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that 'Cæsar'?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name; 140
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Cæsar.' [*Shout.*
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome 150
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
(There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king!

Brutus. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times, 160
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,

I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider ; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this :
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

170

Cassius.

I am glad

That my weak words have struck but thus much show
Of fire from Brutus.

*Enter CÆSAR and his train**Brutus.* The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.*Cassius.* As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you

What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Brutus. I will do so. — But, look you, Cassius,

The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,

And all the rest look like a chidden train ;

180

Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero

Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes

As we have seen him in the Capitol,

Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cassius. Casca will tell us what the matter is.*Cæsar.* Antonius !*Antony.* Cæsar ?

Cæsar. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much ; such men are dangerous.

Antony. Fear him not, Cæsar ; he 's not dangerous.
He is a noble Roman and well given.

Cæsar. Would he were fatter ! — But I fear him not.
Yet if my name were liable to fear,

I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music.
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear ; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exit Cæsar and his train. Casca remains.*]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak ; would you speak
with me ?

Brutus. Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Brutus. I should not then ask Casca what had
chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him; and,
being offered him, he put it by with the back of his
hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Brutus. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

220

Cassius. They shouted thrice; what was the last
cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Brutus. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice,
every time gentler than other; and at every putting-
by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cassius. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Brutus. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner 230
of it; it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw
Mark Antony offer him a crown; — yet 't was not a
crown neither, 't was one of these coronets; — and,
as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to
my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he
offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but,
to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers
off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put
it the third time by; and still as he refused it, the
rabblement shouted, and clapped their chopped 240

hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it. And, for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cassius. But, soft, I pray you. What! did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Brutus. 'T is very like; he hath the falling sickness. 250

Cassius. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Brutus. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the 260 crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. — An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, 'Alas,

good soul ! ' — and forgave him with all their hearts. But there 's no heed to be taken of them ; if Cæsar had ²⁷⁰ stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Brutus. And after that he came thus sad away ?

Casca. Ay.

Cassius. Did Cicero say any thing ?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cassius. To what effect ?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again. But those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads ; but, for my own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell ²⁸⁰ you more news too : Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cassius. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca ?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cassius. Will you dine with me to-morrow ?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cassius. Good ; I will expect you. 290

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [Exit Casca.

Brutus. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be ! He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cassius. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Brutus. And so it is. For this time I will leave you.
To-morrow if you please to speak with me, 301
I will come home to you ; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cassius. I will do so ; till then, think of the world. —
[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble : yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd ; therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes,
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd ?
Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus ; 310
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at ;
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure,
For we will shake him or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Street*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides,
CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO

Cicero. Good even, Casca. Brought you Cæsar home ?
Why are you breathless ? and why stare you so ?

Casca. Are not you mov'd when all the sway of
earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 10
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cicero. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by
sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides—I have not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion, 20
Who glar'd upon me and went surly by
Without annoying me; and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noonday upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,

These are their reasons, — they are natural ; 30
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cicero. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time ;
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

Casca. He doth ; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cicero. Good night, then, Casca ; this disturbed
sky 39
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.*]

Enter CASSIUS

Cassius. Who 's there ?

Casca. A Roman.

Cassius. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is
this !

Cassius. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

Cassius. Those that have known the earth so full of
faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone ;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open 50

The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cassius. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of
life

That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and case yourself in wonder, 60

To see the strange impatience of the heavens ;
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures and pre-formed faculties,

To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning 70

Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol ;

A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean ; is it not, Cassius ?

Cassius. Let it be who it is ; for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors, 80
But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits ;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king ;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place save here in Italy.

Cassius. I know where I will wear this dagger, then ;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ; 90
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [Thunder still.

Casca. So can I ;
So every bondman in his own hand bears 100
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cassius. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then ?
Poor man ! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep ;
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws ; what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate

So vile a thing as Cæsar ! But, O grief !

110

Where hast thou led me ? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman ; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering telltale. Hold, my hand ;
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cassius. There 's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence,
And I do know by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch ; for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the element
In favour 's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

120

Enter CINNA

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in
haste.

130

Cassius. 'T is Cinna ; I do know him by his gait.
He is a friend. — Cinna, where haste you so ?

Cinna. To find out you. Who's that ? Metellus
Cimber ?

Cassius. No, it is Casca ; one incorporate
To our attempt. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna ?

Cinna. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this !
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cassius. Am I not stay'd for ? Tell me.

Cinna.

Yes, you are. —

O Cassius, if you could

But win the noble Brutus to our party !

140

Cassius. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this
paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it ; and throw this
In at his window ; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue. All this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there ?

Cinna. All but Metellus Cimber ; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

150

Cassius. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. —

[*Exit Cinna.*

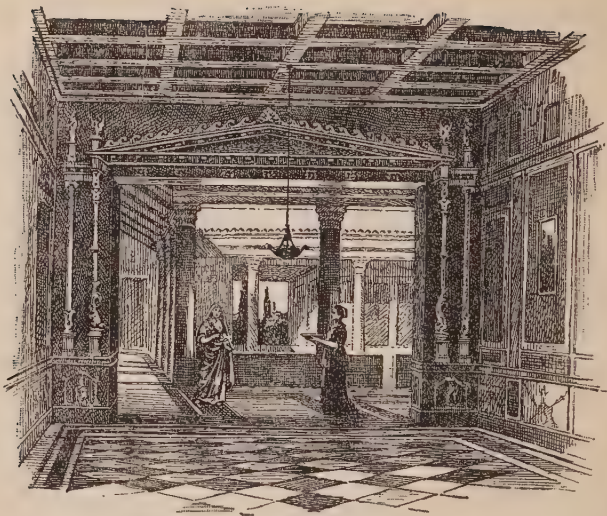
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house ; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cassius. Him and his worth and our great need of
him 160

You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him.

[*Exeunt.*



ROOM IN HOUSE OF BRUTUS

ACT II

SCENE I. *Rome. Brutus's Orchard*

Enter BRUTUS

Brutus. What, Lucius! ho! —
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. — Lucius, I say! —
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly. —
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS

Lucius. Call'd you, my lord?

Brutus. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius ;
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Lucius. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Brutus. It must be by his death ; and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him, II.
But for the general. He would be crown'd ;
How that might change his nature, there 's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him ? — that ; —
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power ; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd 20
More than his reason. But 't is a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;
But when he once attains the upmost round
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus : that what he is, augmented, 30
Would run to these and these extremities ;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,

Which hatch'd would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Enter LUCIUS

Lucius. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper thus seal'd up, and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[Gives him the letter.]

Brutus. Get you to bed again ; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ?

40

Lucius. I know not, sir.

Brutus. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Lucius. I will, sir.

[Exit.]

Brutus. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter, and reads.]

'*Brutus, thou sleep'st ; awake, and see thyself.*

Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress ! —

'*Brutus, thou sleep'st ; awake !*'

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

50

'*Shall Rome, etc.*' Thus must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe ! What !
Rome ?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

'*Speak, strike, redress !*' Am I entreated

To speak and strike ? — O Rome ! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Enter LUCIUS

Lucius. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[*Knocking within.*

Brutus. 'T is good. Go to the gate; somebody
knocks. — [Exit *Lucius.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar 61
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream;
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Enter LUCIUS

Lucius. Sir, 't is your brother Cassius at the door, 70
Who doth desire to see you.

Brutus. Is he alone?

Lucius. No, sir; there are moe with him.

Brutus. Do you know them?

Lucius. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their
ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Brutus. Let 'em enter. — [*Exit Lucius.*
They are the faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough 80
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Con-
spiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability;
For, if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS
CIMBER, and TREBONIUS

Cassius. I think we are too bold upon your rest.
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Brutus. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

Cassius. Yes, every man of them, and no man here 90
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Brutus. He is welcome hither.

Cassius. This, Decius Brutus.

Brutus. He is welcome too.

Cassius. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Me-
tellus Cimber.

Brutus. They are all welcome. —

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

99

Cassius. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*]

Decius. Here lies the east; doth not the day break
here?

Casca. No.

Cinna. O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

110

Brutus. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cassius. And let us swear our resolution.

Brutus. No, not an oath! If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, —
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,

120

And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls 130
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive metal of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath, when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him. 140

Cassius. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cinna.

No, by no means.

Metellus. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Brutus. O, name him not; let us not break with
him, 150
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cassius. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Decius. Shall no man else be touch'd but only
Cæsar?

Cassius. Decius, well urg'd. — I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar. We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver, and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together. 160

Brutus. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
Cassius,

To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood;
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas, 170
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let 's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let 's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds;
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious;

Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murtherers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

180

Cassius. Yet I fear him,
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar —

Brutus. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him.
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, — take thought and die for Cæsar ;
And that were much he should, for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Trebonius. There is no fear in him ; let him not
die,
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.

190

[*Clock strikes.*

Brutus. Peace ! count the clock.

Cassius. The clock hath stricken three.

Trebonius. 'T is time to part.

Cassius. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no ;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

200

Decius. Never fear that. If he be so resolv'd,

I can o'ersway him ; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers ;
But, when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.

Let me work ;

For I can give his humour the true bent, 210
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cassius. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Brutus. By the eighth hour ; is that the uttermost ?

Cinna. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Metellus. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Brutus. Now, good Metellus, go along by him.
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;
Send him but hither, and I 'll fashion him. 220

Cassius. The morning comes upon 's ; we 'll leave
you, Brutus. —

And, friends, disperse yourselves ; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Brutus. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
Let not our looks put on our purposes ;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy.
And so, good morrow to you every one. —

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

Boy ! Lucius ! — Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber. 230
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA

Portia. Brutus, my lord !

Brutus. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise
you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Portia. Nor for yours neither. You 've ungently,
Brutus,
Stole from my bed ; and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across ; 240
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot.
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did ;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour, 250
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And, could it work so much upon your shape

As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Brutus. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Portia. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it. 259

Brutus. Why, so I do. — Good Portia, go to bed.

Portia. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus,
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of; and upon my knees, 270
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Brutus. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Portia. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, 280
Is it excepted I should know no secrets

That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Brutus. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

290

Portia. If this were true, then should I know this
secret.

I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife;
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
'Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh; can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

300

Brutus. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! —

[*Knocking within.*

Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,

All the charactery of my sad brows.

Leave me with haste. —

[*Exit Portia.*

Enter LUCIUS *and* LIGARIUS

Lucius, who 's that knocks?

Lucius. Here is a sick man that would speak with
you. 310

Brutus. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of. —
Boy, stand aside. — Caius Ligarius! how?

Ligarius. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble
tongue.

Brutus. O, what a time have you chose out, brave
Caius,

To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

Ligarius. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Brutus. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it,

Ligarius. By all the gods that Romans bow before, 320
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible,

Yea, get the better of them. What 's to do?

Brutus. A piece of work that will make sick men
whole.

Ligarius. But are not some whole that we must make
sick?

Brutus. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee as we are going 330
To whom it must be done.

Ligarius. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Brutus. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Cæsar's Palace*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR in his night-gown

Cæsar. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace
to-night;
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!' — Who 's within?

Enter a Servant

Servant. My lord?

Cæsar. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Servant. I will, my lord. [*Exit*]

Enter CALPURNIA

Calpurnia. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to
walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæsar. Cæsar shall forth. The things that threaten'd me

Ne'er look'd but on my back ; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Calpurnia. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets ;
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead ;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war, 20
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol ;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar ! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæsar. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods ?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth ; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Calpurnia. When beggars die, there are no comets
seen ; 30
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæsar. Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come. —

Enter a Servant

What say the augurers?

Servant. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast. 40

Cæsar. The gods do this in shame of cowardice;
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not. Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Calpurnia. Alas! my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day. Call it my fear 50
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day;
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæsar. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS

Here 's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Decius. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy
Cæsar;
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæsar. And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day.
Cannot is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

Calpurnia. Say he is sick.

Cæsar. Shall Cæsar send a lie ?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell greybeards the truth ? —
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Decius. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some
cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so. 70

Cæsar. The cause is in my will ; I will not come.
That is enough to satisfy the senate ;
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.
She dream'd to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it ;
And these does she apply for warnings and portents 80
And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Decius. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
It was a vision fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,

Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.

This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

90

Cæsar. And this way have you well expounded it.

Decius. I have, when you have heard what I can
say;

And know it now. The senate have concluded

To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.

If you shall send them word you will not come,

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,

'Break up the senate till another time,

When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,

100

'Lo, Cæsar is afraid'?

Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear, dear love

To your proceeding bids me tell you this,

And reason to my love is liable.

Cæsar. How foolish do your fears seem now, Cal-
purnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—

Give me my robe, for I will go.—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,
TREBONIUS, and CINNA

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Publius. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæsar. Welcome, Publius. —
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too? — 110
Good morrow, Casca. — Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean. —
What is 't o'clock?

Brutus. Cæsar, 't is stricken eight.

Cæsar. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. — Good morrow, Antony.

Antony. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæsar. Bid them prepare within. —
I am to blame to be thus waited for. —
Now, Cinna. — Now, Metellus. — What, Trebonius! 120
I have an hour's talk in store for you.
Remember that you call on me to-day;
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Trebonius. Cæsar, I will. — [*Aside*] And so near will
I be
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæsar. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with
me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Brutus. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O
Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Street near the Capitol**Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a Paper*

Artemidorus. *Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,*

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this.

10

My heart laments that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation. —

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;

If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.

[*Exit.*SCENE IV. *Another Part of the same Street, before the House of Brutus**Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS*

Portia. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.

Why dost thou stay?

Lucius.

To know my errand, madam.

Portia. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there. —

O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel! —
Art thou here yet?

Lucius. Madam, what should I do? 10
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Portia. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth; and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Lucius. I hear none, madam.

Portia. Prithee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Lucius. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing. 20

Enter the Soothsayer

Portia. Come hither, fellow. Which way hast thou
been?

Soothsayer. At mine own house, good lady.

Portia. What is 't o'clock?

Soothsayer. About the ninth hour, lady.

Portia. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Soothsayer. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Portia. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Soothsayer. That I have, lady; if it will please Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself. 30

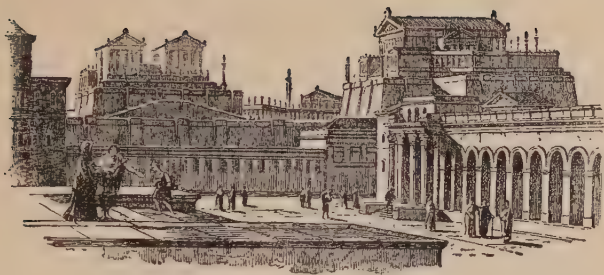
Portia. Why, know'st thou any harm 's intended
towards him?

Soothsayer. None that I know will be, much that I
fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. — Here the street is narrow;
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death.
I 'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

Portia. I must go in. — Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus, 40
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise! —
Sure, the boy heard me. — Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. — O, I grow faint! —
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry. Come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt.*



STREET LEADING TO THE CAPITOL

ACT III

SCENE I. *The Capitol ; the Senate sitting.*

A crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol ; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Cæsar. The ides of March are come.

Soothsayer. Ay, Cæsar, but not gone.

Artemidorus. Hail, Cæsar ! Read this schedule.

Decius. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Artemidorus. O, Cæsar, read mine first ; for mine's
a suit

That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæsar. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

Artemidorus. Delay not, Cæsar ; read it instantly.

Cæsar. What! is the fellow mad?

Publius. Sirrah, give place. 10

Cassius. What! urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

*Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the
Senators rise*

Popilius. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cassius. What enterprise, Popilius?

Popilius. Fare you well. [*Advances to Cæsar.*

Brutus. What said Popilius Lena?

Cassius. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might
thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

Brutus. Look, how he makes to Cæsar; mark him.

Cassius. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention. —
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, 20
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Brutus. Cassius, be constant;
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes,
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cassius. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,
Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius. Cæsar and the
Senators take their seats.*

Decius. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Brutus. He is address'd; press near and second him.

Cinna. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand. 30

Cæsar. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Metellus. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart. —

[*Kneeling.*

Cæsar. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn pre-ordinance and first decree

Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood 40

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools, — I mean sweet words,

Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished;

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

Metellus. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear 50

For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Brutus. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæsar. What, Brutus!

Cassius. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon.
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber:

Cæsar. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me,
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.

60

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;
They are all fire and every one doth shine,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So in the world; 't is furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it even in this, —
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

70

Cinna. O Cæsar! —

Cæsar. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Decius. Great Cæsar, —

Cæsar. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches
hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several*

other Conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.

Cæsar. Et tu, Brute! — Then, fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*]

Cinna. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! —
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cassius. Some to the common pulpits, and cry
out, 80

‘ Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!’

Brutus. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still. Ambition’s debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Decius. And Cassius too.

Brutus. Where’s Publius?

Cinna. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Metellus. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
Cæsar’s

Should chance —

Brutus. Talk not of standing. — Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person, 91
Nor to no Roman else. So tell them, Publius.

Cassius. And leave us, Publius, lest that the people
Rushing on us should do your age some mischief.

Brutus. Do so; — and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Enter TREBONIUS

Cassius. Where is Antony?

Trebonius. Fled to his house amaz’d.

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Brutus. Fates ! we will know your pleasures.
That we shall die, we know ; 't is but the time, 100
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Brutus. Grant that, and then is death a benefit ;
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. — Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords ;
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads, 110
Let 's all cry, Peace ! Freedom ! and Liberty !

Cassius. Stoop, then, and wash. — How many ages
hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown !

Brutus. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust !

Cassius. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Decius. What ! shall we forth ?

Cassius. Ay, every man away ;
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels 121
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant

Brutus. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Servant. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.
Say I love Brutus and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him. 130
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Brutus. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse. 140

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Servant. I 'll fetch him presently.

[Exit Servant.]

Brutus. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cassius. I wish we may; but yet have I a mind
That fears him much, and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

condition of affairs

Enter ANTONY

Brutus. But here comes Antony. — Welcome, Mark Antony.

Antony. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, 150
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well. —
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years, 160
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Brutus. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done.
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful, 170
And pity to the general wrong of Rome —
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity —
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,

To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony ;
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in,
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cassius. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Brutus. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd 180
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Antony. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ; —
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ; —
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ; — now yours, Metellus ;
Yours, Cinna ; — and, my valiant Casca, yours ; —
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all, — alas ! what shall I say ? 191
My credit now stands on such slippery ground
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer. —
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 't is true !
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ? 200
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,

Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius ! — Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart ;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil and crimson'd in thy lethe. —
O world ! thou wast the forest to this hart ;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee. —
How like a deer stricken by many princes
Dost thou here lie !

210

Cassius. Mark Antony, —

Antony. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cassius. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so ;
But what compact mean you to have with us ?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

Antony. Therefore I took your hands, but was
indeed

Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar. 220
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Brutus. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Antony.

That 's all I seek,

And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

230

Brutus. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cassius. Brutus, a word with you. —
[*Aside*] You know not what you do. Do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Brutus. By your pardon,
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death.
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

240

Cassius. I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

Brutus. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do 't by our permission ;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

250

Antony. Be it so ;
I do desire no more.

Brutus. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

Antony. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips 260
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue :
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war,
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds ; 270
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry ' Havoc ! ' and let slip the dogs of war ;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial. —

Enter a Servant

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

Servant. I do, Mark Antony.

Antony. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Servant. He did receive his letters and is coming, 280
And bid me say to you, by word of mouth —

O Cæsar! —

[*Seeing the body.*

Antony. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Servant. He lies to-night within seven leagues of
Rome.

Antony. Post back with speed, and tell him what
hath chanc'd.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;

290

Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse

Into the market-place. There shall I try,

In my oration, how the people take

The cruel issue of these bloody men;

According to the which thou shalt discourse

To young Octavius of the state of things.

Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*

SCENE II. *The Forum*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audience,
friends. —

Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers. —

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here ;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Citizen.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Citizen.* I will hear Cassius, and compare their
reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

10

[*Exit Cassius with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.*]

3 *Citizen.* The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence !

Brutus. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my
cause, and be silent, that you may hear ; believe me
for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour,
that you may believe ; censure me in your wisdom,
and awake your senses, that you may the better
judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear
friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to
Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend 20
demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my
answer, — Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I
loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were
living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead,
to live all freemen ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for
him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was
valiant, I honour him ; but as he was ambitious, I
slew him. There is tears for his love, joy for his

fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a
bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. 30
Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman?
If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here
so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak,
for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done
no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The
question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his
glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his 40
offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with Cæsar's body

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who,
though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the
benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as
which of you shall not? With this I depart, — that,
as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have
the same dagger for myself when it shall please my
country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Citizen.* Bring him with triumph home unto his
house. 50

2 *Citizen.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Citizen.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Citizen.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Citizen.* We 'll bring him to his house with shouts
and clamours.

Brutus. My countrymen, —

2 *Citizen.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Citizen.* Peace, ho!

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony;
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony 60
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Citizen.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Citizen.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We 'll hear him. — Noble Antony, go up.

Antony. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4 *Citizen.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Citizen.* He says, for Brutus' sake
He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Citizen.* 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus
here. 70

1 *Citizen.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Citizen.* Nay, that 's certain;
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Citizen.* Peace, let us hear what Antony can say.

Antony. You gentle Romans, —

All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious ; 80
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, —
For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men, —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me ;
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome, 90
Whose ransom did the general coffers fill ;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious, 100
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause ;

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! — Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Citizen.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings. 110

2 *Citizen.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Citizen.* Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Citizen.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take
the crown;

Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Citizen.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Citizen.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with
weeping.

3 *Citizen.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than
Antony.

4 *Citizen.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might 120
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar ; 130
I found it in his closet ; 't is his will.

Let but the commons hear this testament, —

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read, —

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy

Unto their issue. 139

4 *Citizen*. We 'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will ! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not
read it ;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'T is good you know not that you are his heirs

For if you should, O, what would come of it ?

4 *Citizen*. Read the will ! we 'll hear it, Antony !

You shall read us the will ! Cæsar's will ! 150

Antony. Will you be patient ? Will you stay awhile ?

I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar ; I do fear it.

4 *Citizen*. They were traitors ! Honourable men !

All. The will ! the testament !

2 *Citizen.* They were villains, murtherers! The will! Read the will!

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will? Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar, 160
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Citizen.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Citizen.* You shall have leave.

4 *Citizen.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Citizen.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Citizen.* Room for Antony! — most noble Antony!

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back! room! bear back! 170

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on.
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it, 180
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel. —
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him! —
This was the most unkindest cut of all;

For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua, 190
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Citizen*. O, piteous spectacle!

200

2 *Citizen*. O, noble Cæsar!

3 *Citizen*. O, woful day!

4 *Citizen*. O, traitors, villains!

1 *Citizen*. O, most bloody sight!

2 *Citizen*. We will be reveng'd!

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!
Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Antony. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Citizen*. Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Citizen*. We 'll hear him, we 'll follow him, we 'll die
with him. 211

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable.
What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,
That made them do it ; they are wise and honour-
able,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man, 220
That love my friend ; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood ; I only speak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony 230
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We 'll mutiny.

1 *Citizen.* We 'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Citizen.* Away, then ! come, seek the conspirators.

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not
what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves ?

Alas, you know not! — I must tell you, then. 240
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true; — the will! — let's stay, and hear the will.

Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 Citizen. Most noble Cæsar! — we'll revenge his death.

3 Citizen. O, royal Cæsar!

Antony. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks, 250
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

1 Citizen. Never, never! — Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 Citizen. Go, fetch fire. 260

3 Citizen. Pluck down benches.

4 Citizen. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

Antony. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt! — How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant

Servant. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Antony. Where is he?

Servant. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Antony. And thither will I straight to visit him.

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will give us any thing.

270

Servant. I heard him say Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Antony. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Street**Enter CINNA the Poet*

Cinna. I dream'd to-night that I did feast with
Cæsar,

And things unlucky charge my fantasy.

I have no will to wander forth of doors,

Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens

1 *Citizen.* What is your name?

2 *Citizen.* Whither are you going?

3 *Citizen.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Citizen.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Citizen.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Citizen.* Ay, and briefly.

10

4 *Citizen.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Citizen.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cinna. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly. Wisely, I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Citizen.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry; — you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

20

Cinna. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Citizen.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cinna. As a friend.

2 *Citizen.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Citizen.* For your dwelling, — briefly.

Cinna. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Citizen.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Citizen.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

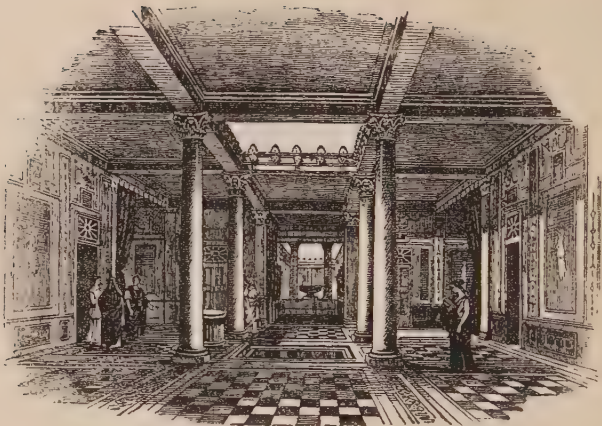
Cinna. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet. 30

4 *Citizen.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cinna. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2 *Citizen.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Citizen.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away! go! [Exeunt.



ANTONY'S HOUSE

ACT IV

SCENE I. *A Room in Antony's House.* ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Antony. These many, then, shall die ; their names
are prick'd.

Octavius. Your brother too must die. Consent you,
Lepidus ?

Lepidus. I do consent.

Octavius. Prick him down, Antony.

Lepidus. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Antony. He shall not live ; look, with a spot I damn
him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house ;

Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lepidus. What, shall I find you here? 10

Octavius. Or here or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*

Antony. This is a slight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands; is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Octavius. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die
In our black sentence and proscription.

Antony. Octavius, I have seen more days than you;
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, 20
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.

Octavius. You may do your will;
But he 's a tried and valiant soldier.

Antony. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender. 30
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;

He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth —
A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him
But as a property. — And now, Octavius, 40
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers ; we must straight make head.
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd
out ;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answer'd.

Octavius. Let us do so, for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies ;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, 50
Millions of mischiefs. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Before the Tent of Brutus, in the Camp
near Sardis*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and
Soldiers ; PINDARUS meeting them ; LUCIUS at a
distance

Brutus. Stand, ho !

Lucilius. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

Brutus. What now, Lucilius ? is Cassius near ?

Lucilius. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[*Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.*

Brutus. He greets me well. — Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone ; but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pindarus. I do not doubt 10
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Brutus. He is not doubted. — A word, Lucilius :
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Lucilius. With courtesy, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Brutus. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay 20
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith ;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,
But when they should endure the bloody spur
They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

Lucilius. They mean this night in Sardis to be
quarter'd ;

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

[*March within.*

Brutus. Hark, he is arriv'd. — 30

March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers

Cassius. Stand, ho!

Brutus. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

1 *Soldier.* Stand.

2 *Soldier.* Stand.

3 *Soldier.* Stand.

Cassius. Most noble brother, you have done me
wrong.

Brutus. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine
enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cassius. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
wrongs, 40

And when you do them —

Brutus. Cassius, be content;

Speak your griefs softly, — I do know you well.

Before the eyes of both our armies here,

Which should perceive nothing but love from us,

Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;

Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs.

And I will give you audience.

Cassius. Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off

A little from this ground.

Brutus. Lucius, do you the like; and let no man 50
Come to our tent till we have done our conference. —
Lucilius and Titinius, guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Within the Tent of Brutus**Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS*

Cassius. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in
this :

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

Brutus. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a
case.

Cassius. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Brutus. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm, 10
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cassius. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Brutus. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cassius. Chastisement!

Brutus. Remember March, the ides of March re-
member!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, — shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cassius. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Brutus. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cassius. I am.

Brutus. I say you are not.

Cassius. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Brutus. Away, slight man!

Cassius. Is 't possible?

Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cassius. O ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure all
this?

Brutus. All this? Ay, more. Fret till your proud
heart break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cassius. Is it come to this? 50

Brutus. You say you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so, make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cassius. You wrong me every way, you wrong me,
Brutus.

I said an elder soldier, not a better;
Did I say better?

Brutus. If you did, I care not.

Cassius. When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have
mov'd me.

Brutus. Peace, peace! you durst not so have
tempted him.

Cassius. I durst not? 60

Brutus. No.

Cassius. What? durst not tempt him?

Brutus. For your life you durst not.

Cassius. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me — 70
For I can raise no money by vile means ;
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. — I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends, 80
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces !

Cassius. I denied you not.

Brutus. You did.

Cassius. I did not ; he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. — Brutus hath riv'd my
heart ;

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Brutus. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cassius. You love me not.

Brutus. I do not like your faults.

Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such
faults.

Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do
appear 90

As huge as high Olympus.

Cassius. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius !
For Cassius is aweary of the world ;
Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his brother,
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes ! — There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart 100
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold.
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Brutus. Sheathe your dagger.
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire, 110
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.

Cassius. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him ?

Brutus. When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd too.

Cassius. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Brutus. And my heart too.

Cassius. O Brutus! —

Brutus. What's the matter?

Cassius. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Brutus. Yes, Cassius; and from hence-
forth,

120

When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*]

Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals.
There is some grudge between 'em; 't is not meet
They be alone.

Lucilius. [*Within*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter POET, followed by LUCILIUS and TITINIUS

Cassius. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! What do you
mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;

For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

130

Cassius. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Brutus. Get you hence, sirrah! saucy fellow, hence!

Cassius. Bear with him, Brutus; 't is his fashion.

Brutus. I'll know his humour when he knows his time.

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools? —
Companion, hence!

Cassius. Away, away! be gone! [*Exit Poet.*

Brutus. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cassius. And come yourselves, and bring Messala
with you,
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*

Brutus. Lucius, a bowl of wine. 140

Cassius. I did not think you could have been so
angry.

Brutus. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs!

Cassius. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Brutus. No man bears sorrow better. — Portia is
dead.

Cassius. Ha! Portia?

Brutus. She is dead.

Cassius. How scap'd I killing when I cross'd you
so? —

O, insupportable and touching loss! —
Upon what sickness?

Brutus. Impatient of my absence, 150
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong: — for with her death
That tidings came. — With this she fell distract
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cassius. And died so?

Brutus. Even so.

Cassius. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers

Brutus. Speak no more of her. — Give me a bowl of wine. —

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.

Cassius. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge. —
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks.

Enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA

Brutus. Come in, Titinius. — Welcome, good Messala. —

161

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cassius. Portia, art thou gone?

Brutus. No more, I pray you. —

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Messala. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.

Brutus. With what addition?

170

Messala. That by proscription and bills of outlawry
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Brutus. Therein our letters do not well agree;

Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cassius. Cicero one?

Messala. Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Brutus. No, Messala. 180

Messala. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Brutus. Nothing, Messala.

Messala. That, methinks, is strange.

Brutus. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in
yours?

Messala. No, my lord.

Brutus. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Messala. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell;
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Brutus. Why, farewell, Portia.— We must die,
Messala.

With meditating that she must die once,

I have the patience to endure it now. 190

Messala. Even so great men great losses should
endure.

Cassius. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Brutus. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cassius. I do not think it good.

Brutus. Your reason?

Cassius. This it is:

'T is better that the enemy seek us ;
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence, whilst we lying still
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness. 200

Brutus. Good reasons must, of force, give place to
better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection,
For they have grudg'd us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd ;
From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cassius. Hear me, good brother. 210

Brutus. Under your pardon.— You must note
beside

That we have tried the utmost of our friends.
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe.
The enemy increaseth every day ;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat, 220
And we must take the current when it serves
Or lose our ventures.

Cassius. Then, with your will, go on ;
We 'll along ourselves and meet them at Philippi.

Brutus. The deep of night is crept upon our
talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say ?

Cassius. No more. Good night !
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.

Brutus. Lucius, my gown. — [*Exit Lucius.*] Fare-
well, good Messala ! —
Good night, Titinius ! — Noble, noble Cassius, 230
Good night, and good repose !

Cassius. O my dear brother,
This was an ill beginning of the night ;
Never come such division 'tween our souls !
Let it not, Brutus.

Enter LUCIUS, with the gown

Brutus. Every thing is well.

Cassius. Good night, my lord !

Brutus. Good night, good brother !

Titinius, Messala. Good night, lord Brutus !

Brutus. Farewell, every one ! —

[*Exeunt Cassius, Titinius, and Messala.*]

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

Lucius. Here, in the tent.

Brutus. What ! thou speak'st drowsily ?
Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'erwatch'd.

Call Claudius and some other of my men, 240
I 'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Lucius. Varro and Claudius !

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS

Varro. Calls my lord ?

Brutus. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep ;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Varro. So please you, we will stand and watch your
pleasure.

Brutus. I will not have it so ; lie down, good sirs,
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me. —
Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so ; 250
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [*Servants lie down.*]

Lucius. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Brutus. Bear with me, good boy ; I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

Lucius. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

Brutus. It does, my boy ;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Lucius. It is my duty, sir.

Brutus. I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest. 260

Lucius. I have slept, my lord, already.

Brutus. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again ;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee. — [*Music and a song.*]

This is a sleepy tune. — O murtherous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music! — Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument.
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night. — 270
Let me see, let me see, — is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [*He sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar

How ill this taper burns! — Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of my eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. — Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus. Why com'st thou? 280

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Brutus. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

Brutus. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then. —
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee. —
Boy! Lucius! — Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake! —
Claudius!

Lucius. The strings, my lord, are false.

Brutus. He thinks he still is at his instrument. —

Lucius, awake!

290

Lucius. My lord!

Brutus. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Lucius. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Brutus. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing?

Lucius. Nothing, my lord.

Brutus. Sleep again, Lucius. — Sirrah, Claudius!

Fellow thou! awake!

Varro. My lord!

Claudius. My lord!

Brutus. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

300

Varro, Claudius. Did we, my lord?

Brutus. Ay; saw you any thing?

Varro. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Claudius. Nor I, my lord.

Brutus. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

Varro, Claudius. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*



PLAINS OF PHILIPPI

ACT V

SCENE I. *The Plains of Philippi*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army

Octavius. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions.
It proves not so; their battles are at hand.
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Antony. Tut! I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content

To visit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face 10
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 't is not so.

Enter a Messenger

Messenger. Prepare you, generals.
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Antony. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Octavius. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Antony. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Octavius. I do not cross you; but I will do so. 20

[*March.*

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others*

Brutus. They stand and would have parley.

Cassius. Stand fast, Titinius; we must out and talk.

Octavius. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Antony. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Octavius. Stir not until the signal.

Brutus. Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?

Octavius. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Brutus. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

Antony. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words.

30

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, 'Long live! Hail, Cæsar!'

Cassius.

Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees
And leave them honeyless.

Antony.

Not stingless too.

Brutus. O, yes, and soundless too;

For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Antony. Villains, you did not so when your vile
daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar.

40

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet,
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O, you flatterers!

Cassius. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself;
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Octavius. Come, come, the cause; if arguing make
us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;

50

When think you that the sword goes up again?

Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds

Be well aveng'd, or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Brutus. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Octavius. So I hope ;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Brutus. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cassius. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such
honour, 60

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Antony. Old Cassius still !

Octavius. Come, Antony ; away !—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*]

Cassius. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and
swim bark !

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Brutus. Ho, Lucilius ! hark, a word with you.

Lucilius. My lord !

[*Brutus and Lucilius talk apart.*]

Cassius. Messala !

Messala. What says my general ?

Cassius. Messala,

This is my birthday : as this very day 70

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala ;

Be thou my witness that against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion ; now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here consorted us.

80

This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Messala. Believe not so.

Cassius. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

90

Brutus. Even so, Lucilius.

Cassius. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let 's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together ;
What are you then determin'd to do ?

Brutus. Even by the rule of that philosophy

By which I did blame Cato for the death 100
Which he did give himself. I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life, — arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cassius. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Brutus. No, Cassius, no! think not, thou noble
Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome; 110
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take;
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.

Cassius. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we 'll smile indeed;
If not, 't is true, this parting was well made. 120

Brutus. Why, then lead on. — O that a man might
know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. — Come, ho! away!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Field of Battle**Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA*

Brutus. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these
bills

Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*

Let them set on at once ; for I perceive

But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,

And sudden push gives them the overthrow.

Ride, ride, Messala ; let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field**Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS*

Cassius. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !

Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy.

This ensign here of mine was turning back ;

I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Titinius. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too
early,

Who, having some advantage on Octavius,

Took it too eagerly ; his soldiers fell to spoil,

Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pindarus. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off !

Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord !

Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off !

Cassius. This hill is far enough. — Look, look,
Titinius;

Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Titinius. They are, my lord.

Cassius. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Titinius. I will be here again even with a thought. [*Exit.*

Cassius. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill. 20
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field. —

[*Pindarus goes up.*

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. — Sirrah, what news?

Pindarus. [*Above*] O my lord!

Cassius. What news?

Pindarus. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen that make to him on the spur; —
Yet he spurs on. — Now they are almost on him. 30
Now, Titinius! —

Now some light. — O, he lights too. — He's ta'en; —
and, hark!

They shout for joy. [*Shout.*

Cassius. Come down, behold no more. —
O, coward that I am to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face! —

PINDARUS *comes down*

Come hither, sirrah !

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine
oath !

40

Now be a freeman ; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer ; here, take thou the hilts,
And when my face is cover'd, as 't is now,
Guide thou the sword. — Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pindarus. So, I am free ; yet would not so have
been,

Durst I have done my will. — O Cassius !
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA

Messala. It is but change, Titinius ; for Octavius 51
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Titinius. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Messala. Where did you leave him ?

Titinius. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Messala. Is not that he that lies upon the ground ?

Titinius. He lies not like the living. O, my heart!

Messala. Is not that he?

Titinius. No, this was he, Messala,

But Cassius is no more. — O setting sun! 60

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,

So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;

The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;

Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Messala. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed. —

O hateful Error, Melancholy's child!

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? O Error, soon conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth, 70

But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Titinius. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Messala. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears — I may say, thrusting it,

For piercing steel and darts envenomed

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus

As tidings of this sight.

Titinius. Hie you, Messala,

And I will seek for Pindarus the while. —

[*Exit Messala.*]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? 80

Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. — Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius. —
By your leave, gods! — this is a Roman's part; 89
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*]

*Alarum. Enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO,
STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS*

Brutus. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Messala. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Brutus. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Brutus. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*]

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Brutus. Are yet two Romans living such as these? —
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome 100
Should breed thy fellow. — Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay. —
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time. —
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;

His funerals shall not be in our camp,
 Lest it discomfort us. — Lucilius, come ; —
 And come, young Cato ; let us to the field. —
 Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on. —
 'T is three o'clock ; and, Romans, yet ere night 109
 We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field*

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies ; then
BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others

Brutus. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads !

Cato. What bastard doth not ? Who will go with me ?
 I will proclaim my name about the field. —
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

A foe of tyrants, and my country's friend ;
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho ! [*Charges the enemy.*

Brutus. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;
 Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for Brutus !
 [*Exit, charging the enemy. Cato is overpowered,*
and falls.

Lucilius. O young and noble Cato, art thou down ?
 Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius, 10
 And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

1 *Soldier.* Yield, or thou diest.

Lucilius. Only I yield to die.
 There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight ;
 [*Offering money.*
 Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 *Soldier.* We must not. — A noble prisoner !

2 *Soldier.* Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Soldier.* I'll tell the news. — Here comes the general. —

Enter ANTONY

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Antony. Where is he ?

Lucilius. Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough. 20

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus ;

The gods defend him from so great a shame !

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Antony. This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness ; I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,

And see whether Brutus be alive or dead, 30

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent

How every thing is chanc'd. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS

Brutus. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Clitus. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en or slain.

Brutus. Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

[*Whispering.*

Clitus. What! I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Brutus. Peace then! no words.

Clitus. I'll rather kill myself.

Brutus. Hark thee, Dardanius! [*Whispers him.*

Dardanius. Shall I do such a deed?

Clitus. O Dardanius!

Dardanius. O Clitus! 10

Clitus. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dardanius. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Clitus. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Brutus. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Volumnius. What says my lord?

Brutus. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.

Volumnius. Not so, my lord. 20

Brutus. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit. [*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,

Thou know'st that we two went to school together ;
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it.

Volumnius. That 's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*

Clitus. Fly, fly, my lord ! there is no tarrying here. 30

Brutus. Farewell to you ; — and you ; — and you,
Volumnius. —

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. — Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once ; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history. 40
Night hangs upon my eyes ; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum.* *Cry within, ' Fly, fly, fly ! '*

Clitus. Fly, my lord, fly !

Brutus. Hence, I will follow. —

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it.
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

Strato. Give me your hand first ; fare you well, my lord.

Brutus. Farewell, good Strato. — Cæsar, now be still; 50

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*]

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,
MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and the Army*

Octavius. What man is that?

Messala. My master's man. — Strato, where is thy master?

Strato. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala.
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucilius. So Brutus should be found. — I thank thee,
Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Octavius. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain
them. — 60

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Strato. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Octavius. Do so, good Messala.

Messala. How died my master, Strato?

Strato. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Messala. Octavius, then take him to follow thee
That did the latest service to my master.

Antony. This was the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;

He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'

Octavius. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honourably.—
So, call the field to rest, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

So

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES



PLEBEIANS



JULIUS CAESAR

NOTES

INTRODUCTION

THE METRE OF THE PLAY.—It should be understood at the outset that *metre*, or the mechanism of verse, is something altogether distinct from the *music* of verse. The one is matter of rule, the other of taste and feeling. Music is not an absolute necessity of verse; the metrical form is a necessity, being that which constitutes the verse.

The plays of Shakespeare (with the exception of rhymed passages, and of occasional songs and interludes) are all in unrhymed or *blank* verse; and the normal form of this blank verse is illustrated by the 36th line in the first scene of the present play: "You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!"

This line, it will be seen, consists of ten syllables, with the even syllables (2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, and 10th) accented, the odd syllables

(1st, 3d, etc.) being unaccented. Theoretically, it is made up of five *feet* of two syllables each, with the accent on the second syllable. Such a foot is called an *iambus* (plural, *iambuses*, or the Latin *iambi*), and the form of verse is called *iambic*.

This fundamental law of Shakespeare's verse is subject to certain modifications, the most important of which are as follows: —

1. After the tenth syllable an unaccented syllable (or even two such syllables) may be added, forming what is sometimes called a *female* line; as in line 42 of the first scene of this play: "The live-long day, with patient expectation." The rhythm is complete with the third syllable of *expectation*, the *-tion* being an extra eleventh syllable. In iii. 1. 174: "To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony," we have two extra syllables, the rhythm being complete with the first syllable of *Antony*.

2. The accent in any part of the verse may be shifted from an even to an odd syllable; as in lines 54, 55 of the first scene: —

"Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague."

In both lines the accent is shifted from the second to the first syllable. This change occurs very rarely in the tenth syllable, and seldom in the fourth; and it is not allowable in two successive accented syllables.

3. An extra unaccented syllable may occur in any part of the line; as in the 4th line of the first scene: "Upon a labouring day without the sign," where the second syllable of *labouring* is superfluous; and so is the second syllable of *chariot* in line 44.

4. Any unaccented syllable, occurring in an even place immediately before or after an even syllable which is properly accented, is reckoned as accented for the purposes of the verse; as, for instance, in lines 2 and 3 of the first scene. In 2 the last syllable of *holiday* is metrically equivalent to an accented syllable; and so with the last syllable of *mechanical* in 3. Other examples are the last syllable of *Cassius* in i. 2, 178, and of *Cicero* in line 181 just below. In

178 *Cassius* must be made distinctly a trisyllable, but in 190 (as often) it is virtually a dissyllable.

5. In many instances in Shakespeare words must be *lengthened* in order to fill out the rhythm:

(a) In a large class of words in which *e* or *i* is followed by another vowel, the *e* or *i* is made a separate syllable; as *ocean*, *opinion*, *soldier*, *patience*, *partial*, *marriage*, etc. For instance, in i. 3. 13: "Incenses them to send destruction," the line appears to have only nine syllables, but *destruction* (see note on the word) is a quadrisyllable. In iv. 1. 28 and in iv. 3. 51 *soldier* is a trisyllable, but in iv. 3. 56 (as usually) it is a dissyllable; and many similar instances are mentioned in the Notes. This lengthening occurs most frequently at the end of the line.

(b) Many monosyllables ending in *r*, *re*, *rs*, *res*, preceded by a long vowel or diphthong, are often made dissyllables; as *fare*, *fear*, *dear*, *fire*, *hair*, *hour*, *your*, etc. In this play, ii. 2. 121: "I have an hour's talk in store for you," *hour's* is a dissyllable; and so is *fire* in iii. 2. 258: "And with the brands fire the traitors' houses." If the word is repeated in a verse it is often both monosyllable and dissyllable; as in iii. 1. 172: "As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity," where the first *fire* is a dissyllable.

(c) Words containing *l* or *r*, preceded by another consonant, are often pronounced as if a vowel came between the consonants; as in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 158: "While she did call me rascal fiddler" [fid-d(e)ler]; *All's Well*, iii. 5. 43: "If you will tarry, holy pilgrim" [pilg(e)rim]; *C. of E.* v. 1. 360: "These are the parents of these children" (childeren, the original form of the word); *W. T.* iv. 4. 76: "Grace and remembrance [rememb(e)rance] be to you both!" etc.

(d) Monosyllabic exclamations (*ay*, *O*, *yea*, *nay*, *hail*, etc.) and monosyllables otherwise emphasized are similarly lengthened; also certain longer words; as *commandement* in the *M. of V.* (iv. i. 442); *safety* (trisyllable) in *Ham.* i. 3. 21; *business* (trisyllable, as originally pronounced) in this play, iv. 1. 22: "To groan and

sweat under the business" (so in several other passages); and other words mentioned in the notes to the plays in which they occur.

6. Words are also *contracted* for metrical reasons, like plurals and possessives ending in a sibilant, as *balance* (see *M. of V.* iv. i. 246), *horse* (for *horses* and *horse's*), *princess*, *sense*, *marriage* (plural and possessive), *image*, etc. So *spirit* (see note on ii. i. 324), *puissant* (see on iii. i. 33), and other words mentioned in the notes on this and other plays.

7. The *accent* of words is also varied in many instances for metrical reasons. Thus we find both *révenue* and *revénue* in the first scene of the *M. N. D.* (lines 6 and 158), *obscure* and *obscûre*, *distinct* and *distînt*, etc.

These instances of variable accent must not be confounded with those in which words were uniformly accented differently in the time of Shakespeare; like *aspéct*, *impórtune*, *perséver* (never *per-sevére*), *perséverance*, *rheûmatic*, etc.

8. *Alexandrines*, or verses of twelve syllables, with six accents, occur here and there in the plays. They must not be confounded with female lines with two extra syllables (see on i above) or with other lines in which two extra unaccented syllables may occur.

9. *Incomplete* verses, of one or more syllables, are scattered through the plays. See, for instance, lines 53 and 67 in the first scene of this play.

10. *Doggerel* measure is used in the very earliest comedies (*L. L. L.* and *C. of E.* in particular) in the mouths of comic characters, but nowhere else in those plays, and never anywhere in plays written after 1598. There is no instance of it in this play.

11. *Rhyme* occurs frequently in the early plays, but diminishes with comparative regularity from that period until the latest. Thus, in *L. L. L.* there are about 1100 rhyming verses (about one-third of the whole number), in the *M. N. D.* about 900, in *Richard II.* and *R. and J.* about 500 each, while in *Cor.* and *A. and C.* there are only about 40 each, in the *Temp.* only two, and in the *W. T.*

none at all, except in the chorus introducing act iv. Songs, interludes, and other matter not in ten-syllable measure are not included in this enumeration. In this play, out of some 2500 verses, less than 40 are in rhyme.

Alternate rhymes are found only in the plays written before 1599 or 1600. In the *M. of V.* there are only four lines at the end of iii. 2. In *Much Ado* and *A. Y. L.*, we also find a few lines, but none at all in this and subsequent plays.

Rhymed couplets, or "rhyme-tags" are often found at the end of scenes; as in i. 2, ii. 3, v. 3 (where there is also one at lines 89, 90), and v. 5 of this play. In *Hamlet*, 14 out of 20 scenes, and in *Macbeth*, 21 out of 28, have such "tags"; but in the latest plays they are not so frequent. The *Tempest*, for instance, has but one, and the *Winter's Tale* none.

12. In this edition of Shakespeare, the final *-ed* of past tenses and participles is printed *-d* when the word is to be pronounced in the ordinary way; as in *mov'd*, line 62, and *deck'd*, line 66, of the first scene. But when the metre requires that the *-ed* be made a separate syllable, the *e* is retained; as in *touched*, line 8 of the second scene, where the word is a dissyllable. The only variation from this rule is in verbs like *cry*, *die*, etc., the *-ed* of which is very rarely, if ever, made a separate syllable.

SHAKESPEARE'S USE OF VERSE AND PROSE IN THE PLAYS.—This is a subject to which the critics have given very little attention, but it is an interesting study. In the present play we find scenes entirely in verse (none entirely in prose), and others in which the two are mixed. In general, we may say that verse is used for what is distinctly poetical, and prose for what is not poetical. The distinction, however, is not so clearly marked in the earlier as in the later plays. The second scene of the *M. of V.*, for instance, is in prose, because Portia and Nerissa are talking about the suitors in a familiar and playful way; but in the *T. G. of V.*, where Julia and Lucetta are discussing the suitors of the former in much the same fashion, the scene is in verse. Dowden,

commenting on *Richard II.*, remarks: "Had Shakespeare written the play a few years later, we may be certain that the gardener and his servants (iii. 4) would not have uttered stately speeches in verse, but would have spoken homely prose, and that humour would have mingled with the pathos of the scene. The same remark may be made with reference to the subsequent scene (v. 5) in which his groom visits the dethroned king in the Tower." Comic characters and those in low life generally speak in prose in the later plays, as Dowden intimates, but in the very earliest ones doggerel verse is much used instead. In *J. C.* we have only about 150 lines of prose, a smaller percentage than in any other of the tragedies.

The change from prose to verse is well illustrated in the first scene of this play, where, after the quibbling "chaff" of the mechanics about their trades, the mention of Pompey reminds the Tribune of their plebeian fickleness, and his scorn and indignation flame out in most eloquent verse. There is a similar change in the third scene of the *M. of V.* It begins with plain prosaic talk about a business matter; but when Antonio enters, it rises at once to the higher level of poetry. The sight of Antonio reminds Shylock of his hatred of the Merchant, and the passion expresses itself in verse, the vernacular tongue of poetry.

The reasons for the choice of prose or verse are not always so clear as in these instances. We are seldom puzzled to explain the prose, but not unfrequently we meet with verse where we might expect prose. As Professor Corson remarks (*Introduction to Shakespeare*, 1889), "Shakespeare adopted verse as the general tenor of his language, and therefore expressed much in verse that is within the capabilities of prose; in other words, his verse constantly encroaches upon the domain of prose, but his prose can never be said to encroach upon the domain of verse." If in rare instances we think we find exceptions to this latter statement, and prose actually seems to usurp the place of verse, I believe that careful study of the passage will prove the supposed exception to be apparent rather than real.

SOME BOOKS FOR TEACHERS AND STUDENTS.—A few out of the many books that might be commended to the teacher and the critical student are the following: Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (7th ed. 1887); Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* (1898, for ordinary students, the abridged ed. of 1899 is preferable); Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon* (3d ed. 1902); Littledale's ed. of Dyce's *Glossary* (1902); Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare* (1895); Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (1873); Dowden's *Shakspeare: His Mind and Art* (American ed. 1881); Hudson's *Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare* (revised ed. 1882); Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women* (several eds., some with the title, *Shakespeare Heroines*); Ten Brink's *Five Lectures on Shakespeare* (1895); Boas's *Shakespeare and His Predecessors* (1895); Dyer's *Folk-lore of Shakespeare* (American ed. 1884); Gervinus's *Shakespeare Commentaries* (Bunnett's translation, 1875); Wordsworth's *Shakespeare's Knowledge of the Bible* (3d ed. 1880); Elson's *Shakespeare in Music* (1901).

Some of the above books will be useful to all readers who are interested in special subjects or in general criticism of Shakespeare. Among those which are better suited to the needs of ordinary readers and students, the following may be mentioned: Phin's *Cyclopædia and Glossary of Shakespeare* (1902; more compact and cheaper than Dyce); Dowden's *Shakspeare Primer* (1877, small but invaluable); Rolfe's *Shakespeare the Boy* (1896, treating of the home and school life, the games and sports, the manners, customs, and folk-lore of the poet's time); Guerber's *Myths of Greece and Rome* (for young students who may need information on mythological allusions not explained in the notes).

Black's *Judith Shakespeare* (1884, a novel, but a careful study of the scene and the time) is a book that I always commend to young people, and their elders will also enjoy it. The Lambs' *Tales from Shakespeare* is a classic for beginners in the study of the dramatist; and in Rolfe's ed. the plan of the authors is carried out in the Notes by copious illustrative quotations from the plays. Mrs

Cowden-Clarke's *Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines* (several eds.) will particularly interest girls; and both girls and boys will find Bennett's *Master Skylark* (1897) and Imogen Clark's *Will Shakespeare's Little Lad* (1897) equally entertaining and instructive.

H. Snowden Ward's *Shakespeare's Town and Times* (1896) and John Leyland's *Shakespeare Country* (1900) are copiously illustrated books (yet inexpensive) which may be particularly commended for school libraries.

For the Roman plays, standard historical novels on ancient Roman history (like Bulwer-Lytton's *Last Days of Pompeii*, for instance) are to be commended as collateral reading.

ABBREVIATIONS IN THE NOTES. — The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*. The same may be said of other abbreviated titles; like *F. Q.* for Spencer's *Faërie Queene*, *P. L.* for *Paradise Lost*, etc.

Other abbreviations that hardly need explanation are *Cf.* (confer, compare), *Fol.* (following), *Id.* (*idem*, the same), and *Prol.* (prologue). The numbers of the lines in the references (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" edition (the cheapest and best edition of *Shakespeare* in one compact volume), which is now generally accepted as the standard for line-numbers in works of reference (Schmidt's *Lexicon*, Abbott's *Grammar*, Dowden's *Primer*, the publications of the New Shakspeare Society, etc.).



ROMAN CONSUL

ACT I

SCENE I. — In the folio of 1623 the play is divided into acts, but not into scenes, and there is no list of *dramatis personæ*. The heading of Act I. is as follows: "*Actus Primus. Scæna Prima. Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners ouer the Stage.*" The spelling *Murellus* is found throughout the play, except in one instance (i. 2. 281), where we find "*Murrellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarffes off *Cæsars* Images, are put to silence." The name in North is *Marullus*.

3. *Being mechanical.* "Cobblers, tapsters, or such like base mechanical people" (North). S. uses both *mechanic* and *mechanical* as noun and as adjective. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 9: "rude mechanicals;" 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 5. 38: "by most mechanical and dirty hand;" *Cor.* v. 3. 83: "Rome's mechanics;" *A. and C.* v. 2. 209: "mechanic slaves."

Ought not walk. The only instance in which S. omits *to* after *ought*.

4. *A labouring day.* As Craik remarks, *labouring* here is not the participle, but the verbal noun (or gerund) used as an adjective. Cf. the expressions *a walking-stick*, *a writing-desk*, etc. The participle in *-ing* is *active*, and it remains so when used as an adjective; as in *a labouring man*, etc. When used as a noun, which rarely occurs in English, it denotes the *agent*. Thus "the erring" means *those who err*, as *amans* in Latin means a *lover*. The verbal noun in *-ing*, on the other hand, denotes the *act* (as "labouring is wearisome"), like the Latin gerund *amandi*, etc. This verbal noun is commonly called a "participial noun" in the grammars, but it has no etymological connection with the participle. In Early English the two had different forms. The ending of the participle was *ande* (*and*), *ende*, (*end*), or *inde*, and that of the verbal noun was *ing* or *ung*; but the former went out of use, and the latter came to do service for both. This change began before the year 1300, but in the time of Chaucer the old participial ending was still occasionally used, and it is found in Scotch writers even to the end of the sixteenth century.

Without the sign of your profession. This cannot refer to any law of ancient Rome, and there was none of the kind in England in the time of S., so far as we know.

5. *What trade art thou?* Either *trade* is equivalent to *tradesman*, or *of* is understood.

12. *Answer me directly.* That is, explicitly, without ambiguity. Cf. iii. 3. 9 below. It is hardly necessary to say that *cobbler* meant not only a mender of shoes, but a clumsy workman at any trade; and the latter sense is not wholly unknown even now.

14. *A mender of bad soles.* For the quibble, cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 123: "Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew."

16. *Naughty.* Good for nothing, worthless. The word was then used in a much stronger sense than now. Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 91, *Lear*, iii. 7. 37, etc.

17. *Be not out with me*, etc. The play upon *out with* and *out* (*at the toes*) is obvious.

24. *But withal*, etc. He means that, although he meddles not with tradesmen's matters or women's matters, he is withal (making his little pun) a surgeon to old shoes.

26. *As proper men*, etc. As comely men, etc. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 2. 62: "as proper a man as ever went on four legs;" and *Id.* ii. 2. 73: "any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather."

32. *His triumph*. This was in honour of his successes in Spain, whence he had returned late in the preceding September, after defeating the sons of Pompey at the battle of Munda (March 17th, B.C. 45). It was Cæsar's fifth and last triumph.

38. *Many a time*. We still use *many a* in this distributive way.

43. *Pass the streets*. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 3. 24: "the ways are dangerous to pass."

44. *And when you saw his chariot but appear*. That is, saw but his chariot appear. Cf. *but* in iii. 2. 197.

46. *That Tiber trembled*, etc. This ellipsis of *so* before *that* is common in S. and other writers of the time. The river is here personified as feminine; as in i. 2. 97 below. Cf. Milton, *P. L.* iii. 359:—

"the river of bliss through midst of Heaven
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream."

47. *Replication of*. Reply to, echo of.

52. *Blood*. Offspring. See on 32 above. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 99: "That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle," etc.

53. *Be gone!* Such brief "interjectional lines" are not uncommon in the plays.

59. *Tiber banks*. This use of proper names as adjectives is frequent in S. Cf. v. 5. 19 below: "Here in Philippi fields."

62. *Whether*. The folio prints "where" here, as in v. 4. 30 below, but it often has *whether* when the word is a monosyllable (see on ii. 1. 194 below).

Metal. Used interchangeably with *mettle* in the early eds.

66. *Deck'd with ceremonies*. This may mean honorary orna-

ments, or what are afterwards called "Cæsar's trophies," and described as "scarfs" hung on his images.

68. *The feast of Lupercal.* The Lupercal was a cavern in the Palatine Hill, sacred to Lupercus, said to be an old Italian god, who came to be identified with Pan. Here the feast of the *Lupercalia* was held every year, in the month of February. After certain sacrifices and other rites, the *Luperci* (or priests of Lupercus) ran through the city wearing only a cincture of goatskin, and striking with leather thongs all whom they met. This performance was a symbolic purification of the land and the people. The festal day was called *dies februatus* (from *februare*, to purify), the month in which it occurred *Februarius*, and the god himself *Februus*.

71. *The vulgar.* The plebeians. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 2. 51: "which the vulgar do call three," etc.

74. *Pitch.* A technical term for the height to which a falcon soars. Cf. *1 Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 11: "Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch," etc.

SCENE II. — In the folio *Calphurnia* is the name of Cæsar's wife throughout the play, and also in North (eds. of 1579 and 1612¹). *Calpurnia* was the classical form of the name.

Decius. His true name was *Decimus Brutus*. The error is as old as the edition of Plutarch's Greek text produced by Henry Stephens in 1572; and it occurs likewise in both Amyot's and Dacier's French, as well as in North's English. It was this Decimus Brutus who had been the special favourite of Cæsar, and not Marcus Junius Brutus, as represented in the play.

3. *In Antonius' way.* The folio has "in *Antonio's* way;" and in other names ending in *-ius* it often gives the Italian form in *-io*, which was more familiar to the actors of the time.

Antony was the head or chief of a third "college" of *Luperci* that had been added to the original two in honour of Cæsar.

¹ In some later editions (as in that of 1676) the name is changed to *Calpurnia*.

4. *When he doth run his course.* Cf. North (*Life of Cæsar*): "At that time the feast Lupercalia was celebrated, the which in old time, men say, was the feast of Shepherds or Herdmen, and is much like unto the feast of Lycæians in Arcadia. But, howsoever it is, that day there are divers noble men's sons, young men (and some of them Magistrates themselves that govern them), which run naked through the City, striking in sport them they meet in their way with Leather thongs, hair and all on, to make them give place. And many noble Women and Gentlewomen also, go of purpose to stand in their way, and do put forth their hands to be stricken, as Scholars hold them out to their Schoolmaster, to be stricken with the ferula; perswading themselves that, being with Child, they shall have good delivery; and so, being barren, that it will make them to conceive with Child. . . . Antonius, who was Cousull at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course."

11. *Set on.* Set out, proceed. Cf. v. 2. 3 below; and see *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 233: "I say, set on," etc.

14. *Press.* Crowd. Cf. *R. of L.* 1301, 1408, etc.; also *Mark*, ii. 4.

17. *Ides of March.* In the Roman calendar the ides fell on the 15th of March, May, July, and October, and the 13th of the other months.

23. *Sennet.* A particular set of notes on a trumpet.

27. *Quick.* Lively, sprightly; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 399, v. 2. 11, etc. For the reference to Antony, cf. ii. 1. 188 below.

30. *That gentleness . . . as.* Cf. 170 below.

36. *Merely upon myself.* Altogether upon myself. Cf. *Temp.* i. 1. 59: "We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards." So in Bacon's 58th *Essay*: "As for conflagrations and great droughts, they do not merely (that is, entirely) dispeople and destroy;" where most of the modern editors (Montague and Whately included), mistaking the meaning, have changed "*and* destroy" to "*but* destroy." See also *Ham.* i. 2. 137, etc.

37. *Passions of some difference.* With discordant emotions. For *passion* = feeling, cf. 45 below.

38. *Proper to myself*. Peculiar to myself; my own. Cf. *Cymb* iv. 2. 97: "Their proper selves," etc.

39. *Behaviours*. For the plural, cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 9, 100, *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 234, etc.

47. *Cogitations*. Thoughts. Cf. Bacon, *Adv. of L.* i. introd.: "I may excite your princely cogitations to visit the excellent treasure of your own mind," etc. See also *Daniel*, vii. 28.

49. *The eye sees not itself*. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 3. 106: —

"nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself."

50. *But by reflection by some other things*. Here *by* is equivalent to "by means of" or "from." Even now we may say "being reflected by some other thing."

55. *The best respect*. The highest respectability or estimation. Cf. v. 5. 45 below.

56. *Except immortal Cæsar*. This is said ironically.

58. *Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes*. It is a question whether *his* refers to *Brutus*, or is = *their*, referring to the subject of *Have*; but on the whole the former is more probable. Cf. ii. 1. 46 and 91-93. For this sense in other passages, cf. *M. of V.* ii. 2. 79: "Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me;" and *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 185: "If you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment," etc.

62. *Therefore, good Brutus*, etc. "The eager, impatient temper of Cassius, absorbed in his own idea, is vividly expressed by his thus continuing his argument as if without appearing to have even heard Brutus's interrupting question; for such is the only interpretation which his *therefore* would seem to admit of" (Craik).

67. *Jealous on me*. Distrustful or suspicious of me. *On* is used for *of*, as often.

68. *A common laughter*. The folio has "common laughter." Pope substituted *laughter*, which has been adopted by all the more recent editors.

69. *To stale with ordinary oaths*, etc. Here *stale* doubtless means "to make stale," or common. Cf. iv. i. 38 below: "stal'd by other men;" *A. and C.* ii. 2. 240: "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale Her infinite variety," etc.

72. *Scandal*. Defame, traduce. Cf. *Cor.* iii. i. 44: "Scandal'd the suppliants for the people," etc. On the adverbial *after*, cf. *Temp.* ii. 2. 10: "and after bite me," etc.

73. *Profess myself*. Make protestations of friendship.

82. *Set honour in one eye*, etc. Craik remarks: "What Brutus means by saying that he will look upon honour and death indifferently, if they present themselves together, is merely that, for the sake of the honour, he will not mind the death, or the risk of death, by which it may be accompanied; he will look as fearlessly and steadily upon the one as upon the other." For *indifferently*, cf. *Cor.* ii. 2. 19, etc.

84. *Speed*. Prosper; as in ii. 4. 41 below.

87. *Your outward favour*. Your face, or personal appearance. Cf. ii. i. 76 below; and Bacon, *Essay* 27 (ed. of 1625): "For, as *S. James* saith, they are as Men, *that looke sometimes into a Glasse, and presently forget their own Shape, & Favour*." See also *Proverbs*, xxxi. 30.

91. *I had as lief not be as live to be*. The quibble illustrates the old pronunciation of *lief*, which was often printed *lieve*.

96. *For once, upon a raw and gusty day*, etc. Cæsar was famous as a swimmer. Wright quotes Suetonius (*J. C.* 64): "At Alexandria being busie about the assault and winning of a bridge where by a sodaine sallie of the enemies he was driven, to take a boat, & many besides made hast to get into the same, he leapt into the sea, and by swimming almost a quarter of a mile recovered cleare the next ship: bearing up his left hand all the while, for feare the writings which he held therein should take wet, and drawing his rich coate armour after him by the teeth, because the enemy should not have it as a spoyle." Plutarch makes the feat still more difficult: "The third danger was in the battel by sea, that was

fought by the tower of Phar: where meaning to helpe his men that fought by sea, he leapt from the peere into a boate. Then the Ægyptians made towards him with their oares on euery side; but he leaping into the sea, with great hazard saued himselfe by swimming. It is said, that then holding diuers books in his hand, he did neuer let them go, but kept them always vpon his head aboue water, and swam with the other hand, notwithstanding that they shot maruellously at him, and was driuen sometime to ducke into the water; howbeit y^e boate was drowned presently."

97. *The troubled Tiber chafing*, etc. *Chafe* (the Latin *calefacere*, through the Fr. *échauffer* and *chauffer*) meant, first, to warm; then, to warm by rubbing; and then simply to rub — either literally, as here, or in a figurative sense = to irritate; as in *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 123: "What, are you chaf'd?" Cf. 2 *Samuel*, xvii. 8.

Here, as in i. 1. 46 above, some editors have changed *her* to "his," because *Tiber* is masculine in Latin; but it was not the Roman river-god that S. had in mind in these personifications of the stream.

104. *With lusty sinews*. With vigorous sinews. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 119: "in lusty stroke," etc. *Lusty* is "from the Saxon *lust* in its primary sense of eager desire, or intense longing, indicating a corresponding intensity of bodily vigour." See *Judges*, iii. 29.

105. *Hearts of controversy*. With courage to contend with the violence of the stream.

106. *Arrive*. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 8: "have arriv'd our coast;" Milton, *P. L.* ii. 409: "Ere he arrive The happy isle."

118. *His coward lips*, etc. Alluding to a soldier flying from his colours.

119. *And that same eye whose bend*, etc. Cf. *Cymb.* i. 1. 13: "wear their faces to the bent Of the king's looks." *Bend* (the noun) occurs elsewhere in S. only in *A. and C.* ii. 2. 213.

120. *His lustre*. That is, *its* lustre. The possessive *its* was just coming into use in the time of S. He has it only ten times.

125. *Of such a feeble temper*. That is, temperament, constitu-

tion. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 20: "a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree," etc.

131. *The narrow world.* Narrow in the eyes of the ambitious Cæsar, who fancies that he can bestride it, as the Colossus of Rhodes did the narrow entrance to the harbour of that city.

136. *In our stars.* For the sceptical allusion to astrology, cf. *Lear*, i. 2. 128 fol. and *Sonn.* 14.

139. *More than yours.* In the folio, "more then yours;" and *then* is the invariable form in that edition, as in Bacon, Hooker, etc. Milton has *than* for *then* in the *Hymn on the Nativity*, 88:—

"Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below."

147. *Noble bloods.* Cf. iv. 3. 260 below: "young bloods;" *K. John*, ii. 1. 278: "As many and as well-born bloods," etc.

148. *The great flood.* The deluge of Deucalion. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 442 and *Cor.* ii. 1. 102.

149. *Fam'd with.* Famed for, or made famous by.

151. *Wide walls.* The folio has "wide Walkes," but Rowe's correction of *walls* is adopted by most editors.

152. *Rome indeed and room enough.* Cf. below, iii. 1. 290: "No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;" *K. John*, iii. 1. 180: "I have room with Rome to curse a while." In *R. of L.* 715, *Rome* rhymes with *doom*, and in 1644 with *groom*. On the other hand, in 1 *Hen.* VI. iii. 1. 51, the Bishop of Winchester says, "Rome shall remedy this," and Warwick replies, "Roam thither then." It is probable, therefore, that in the time of S. the modern pronunciation of *Rome* was beginning to be heard, although the other (*Room*) was more common.

153. *But one only man.* Cf. Hooker, *Ecclesiastical Polity*, i. 25: "one only God;" i. 10. 14: "one only family," etc.

155. *There was a Brutus once.* Lucius Junius Brutus, who brought about the expulsion of Tarquinius Superbus. Cf. i. 3. 145 below.

156. *The eternal devil.* *Eternal* seems to be used, as it still is in provincial English, in the sense of *infernal*. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 2. 130: "eternal villain;" *Ham.* v. 2. 376: "eternal cell." Cf. also the Yankee "tarnal."

Keep his state. Maintain his dignity, or keep his throne.

158. *Nothing jealous.* Nowise doubtful. Cf. 67 above; and see also *T. of S.* iv. 5. 76: "For our first merriment hath made thee jealous," etc.

159. *I have some aim.* I can partly guess, or conjecture. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 28: "fearing lest my jealous aim might err," etc.

162. *So with love.* If with love; a common use of *so*.

167. *Chew upon this.* We have lost the Saxon word in this sense, but we retain the metaphor in *ruminate*, which literally means the same.

168. *Brutus had rather be*, etc. *Had rather* and *had better* are still good English, though some grammarians object to them. *Rather* is the comparative of *rath* (see Milton, *Lycidas*: "the rath primrose"), and is often found in the old writers in the sense of *earlier*, *sooner*. Thus Spenser, *Shep. Kal.* Feb., speaks of "the rather lambes." The superlative *rathest* is found in Bacon, *Colours of Good and Evil*, i.: "whom next themselves they would rathest commend."

169. *Than to repute*, etc. *Rather* is followed by *to* of the infinitive in *M. of V.* i. 2. 55: "I had rather to be married," etc.; and in *Oth.* i. 3. 191: "I had rather to adopt a child," etc.

177. *What hath proceeded worthy note.* What hath happened worthy of notice.

178. *Cassius.* Here a trisyllable, as in several other instances.

182. *Such ferret and such fiery eyes.* The ferret has red eyes.

183. *As we have seen him.* That is, seen him look with. For the ellipsis, cf. 307 below.

184. *Cross'd in conference.* Opposed in debate.

188. *Let me have men about me*, etc. Cf. North (*Life of Cæsar*): "Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousie, and suspected him

much: whereupon he said upon a time to his friends, what will *Cassius* do, think ye? I like not his pale looks. Another time, when *Cæsars* friends complained unto him of *Antonius* and *Dolabella*, that they pretended some mischief towards him: he answered them again, As for those fat men and smooth combed heads, quoth he, I never reckon of them; but these pale visaged and carrion lean People, I fear them most, meaning *Brutus* and *Cassius*." So also, in *Life of Brutus*: "For, intelligence being brought him one day that *Antonius* and *Dolabella* did conspire against him: he answered, That these fat long haired men made him not afraid, but the lean and whitely faced fellows, meaning that by *Brutus* and *Cassius*."

190. *Yond*. Often printed "Yond'," but not a contraction of *yonder*.

193. *Well given*. Well disposed. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 72: "too well given," etc. In 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 3, we have both "virtuously given" (16) and "given to virtue" (38).

195. *Liable to fear*. Liable to the imputation of fear.

199. *Through the deeds of men*. To the motives that inspire the deeds.

200. *He hears no music*. Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 83: "The man that hath not music in himself," etc.

204. *Such men as he be never at heart's ease*. In Old English, besides the present tense *am*, etc., there was also this form *be*, from the Anglo-Saxon *beon*. The 2d pers. sing. was *beest*. The 1st and 3d pers. plu. *be* is often found in S. and the Bible. We still say *at ease*.

205. *Whiles*. The genitive singular of *while* (which was originally a noun, as it still is in "once in a while," etc.) used as an adverb. It occurs in *Matthew*, v. 25.

213. *Sad*. Grave, serious; as often.

218. *Thus*. For the implied gesture, cf. iii. 1. 124, 125, and iv. 3. 26 below, and *Oth.* v. 2. 356. See also *this* in *M. of V.* i. 1. 35.

223. *Why, there was a crown*, etc. The editors generally quote here Plutarch's *Life of Cæsar*, but the account given in the *Life of*

Antonius is more in keeping with *Casca's* way of telling the story: "When he [Antony] was come to *Cæsar*, he made his fellow Runners with him lift him up, and so he did put his Lawrell Crown upon his head, signifying thereby that he had deserved to be King. But *Cæsar* making as though he refused it, turned away his head. The People were so rejoiced at it, that they all clapped their hands for joy. *Antonius* again did put it on his head: *Cæsar* again refused it; and thus they were striving off and on a great while together. As oft as *Antonius* did put this Lawrell Crown unto him, a few of his followers rejoiced at it: and as oft also as *Cæsar* refused it, all the People together clapped their hands. . . . *Cæsar* in a rage arose out of his Seat, and plucking down the choller of his Gown from his neck, he shewed it naked, bidding any man strike off his head that would. This Lawrell Crown was afterwards put upon the head of one of *Cæsar's* Statues or images, the which one of the tribunes pluckt off. The People liked his doing therein so well, that they waited on him home to his house, with great clapping of hands. Howbeit *Cæsar* did turn them out of their offices for it." According to the *Life of Cæsar*, his "tearing open his Doublet Coller," and offering his throat to be cut, was among his friends *in his own house*, and on a different occasion, namely, when "the Consuls and Prætors, accompanied with the whole Assembly of the Senate, went unto him in the Market-place, where he was set by the Pulpit of Orations, to tell him what honours they had decreed for him in his absence," and he offended them by "sitting still in his Majesty, disdaining to rise up unto them when they came in." The historian adds that, "afterwards to excuse his folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying, that their wits are not perfect which have this disease of the falling-Evill, when standing on their feet they speak to the common People, but are soon troubled with a trembling of their Body, and a suddain dimness and giddiness." The Lupercalia and the offering of the crown are then described as occurring *after* this insult to "the Magistrates of the Commonwealth."

224. *Ay, marry, was 't.* *Marry* was originally a mode of swearing by the Virgin Mary; but this had come to be forgotten in the time of S.

225. *Than other.* Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 3. 86: "Both one and the other," etc.

239. *The rabblement shouted.* The folio has "howted," which is doubtless a misprint for "showted," as the word is spelled just above in "mine honest neighbours showted."

244. *He swooned.* The folio has "hee swoonded," and below, "what, did *Cæsar* swound?" This was an old form of the word.

250. *'T is very like,* etc. *Like* for *likely*, as very often. Brutus knew that *Cæsar* was subject to these epileptic attacks. Cf. North: "For, concerning the constitution of his body, he was lean, white, and soft skinned, and often subject to head-ach, and other while to the falling sickness (the which took him the first time, as it is reported, in CORDUBA, a City of SPAIN), but yet therefore yielded not to the disease of his body, to make it a cloak to cherish him withall, but contrarily, took the pains of War, as a Medicine to cure his sick body, fighting alwaies with his disease, travelling continually, living soberly, and commonly lying abroad in the Field."

254. *Tag-rag.* Cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 248: "Will you hence, before the tag return?" and Ben Jonson, *Alchemist*, i. 5: "Gallants, men and women, And of all sorts, tag-rag."

257. *No true man.* No honest man. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 2. 46: "Every true man's apparel fits your thief;" *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 187: "a true man or a thief;" *Cymb.* ii. 3. 77: "hangs both thief and true man," etc.

261. *Pluck'd me ope his doublet.* The *me* is expletive, as often. See the dialogue between Petruchio and Grumio in *T. of S.* i. 2. 8 fol.

On the stage Julius *Cæsar* doubtless appeared in doublet and hose like an Englishman of Shakespeare's time.

262. *A man of any occupation.* A mechanic, one of the plebeians to whom he offered his throat. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 6. 97: "the voice of occupation and The breath of garlic-eaters." It may

mean "a man of action, a busy man," or both senses may be combined.

263. *At a word.* At his word. Elsewhere the phrase = *in a word*. Cf. *Cor.* i. 3. 122: "No, at a word, madam;" *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 118: "At a word, I am not." See also *M.W.* i. 1. 109, 2 *Hen.* IV. iii. 2. 319, etc.

280. *Was Greek to me.* Casca is joking here, if we may take Plutarch's testimony concerning his knowledge of Greek. See the quotation from North in the note on iii. 1. 31 below.

286. *I am promised forth.* Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 5. 11: "I am bid forth to supper," and "I have no mind of feasting forth to-night."

293. *He was quick mettle.* See on i. 1. 62 above.

297. *This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit*, etc. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 102: —

"This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness."

307. *From that it is dispos'd.* From that *to which* it is disposed. Such ellipses are common. See on 183 above, and cf. ii. 1. 331 below.

309. *So firm that cannot.* Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 270, *Rich. III.* iii. 6. 11, etc.

310. *Doth bear me hard.* Does not like me, bears me a grudge. Cf. ii. 1. 215: "Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard;" and iii. 1. 158: "if you bear me hard." The expression occurs nowhere else in *S.*

312. *He should not humour me.* "Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not humour me," should not take hold of my affection, so as to make me forget my principles" (Johnson). Some explain it thus: "He (Brutus) should not cajole me, as I do him;" but this seems to leave the mention of Cæsar unconnected with what follows. If we accept Johnson's interpretation, *he should not humour me* naturally follows what precedes, and is naturally followed by what comes after: Cæsar

should not cajole me as he does Brutus; and I am going to take measures to counteract the influence Cæsar has over him.

313. *In several hands.* Referring to *writings* below.

318. *Seat him sure.* Seat himself securely; make sure of his seat.

SCENE III. — 1. *Brought you Cæsar home?* On *bring* = accompany, escort, cf. *Oth.* iii. 4. 197: "I pray you, bring me on the way a little," etc. See also *Genesis*, xviii. 16, *Acts*, xxi. 5, etc.

3. *The sway of earth.* The whole weight of the world.

4. *Unfirm.* S. uses both *infirm* and *unfirm* — each four times, So he has both *incapable* and *uncapable*, *uncertain* and *incertain*, *unconstant* and *inconstant*, *unfortunate* and *infortunate*, *ungrateful* and *ingrateful*, etc.

8. *To be exalted with.* That is, in the effort to rise to that height; or, possibly, *so as* to rise to the clouds.

13. *Destruction.* Here a quadrisyllable.

14. *Any thing more wonderful.* Either "more wonderful than usual," or "anything more that was wonderful." Cf. *Cor.* iv. 6. 62: —

"The slave's report is seconded, and more,
More fearful, is delivered."

15. *You know him well by sight.* This has perplexed some of the commentators, but it is nothing strange that both Cicero and Casca should happen to know a particular slave by sight, and it is natural enough that Casca, in referring to him here, should say, "And you yourself know the man."

On this whole passage cf. North (*Life of Cæsar*): "Certainly, destiny may easier be foreseen than avoided, considering the strange and wonderfull Signs that were said to be seen before *Cæsars* death. For, touching the Fires in the Element, and Spirits running up and down in the night, and also the solitary Birds to be seen at noon days sitting in the great Market-place, are not all these Signs perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderfull chance as happened? But *Strabo* the philosopher writeth, that divers men were seen going

up and down in fire: and furthermore, that there was a Slave of the Souldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt: when the Fire was out, it was found he had no hurt. *Cæsar* self also doing Sacrifice unto the gods, found that one of the Beasts which was sacrificed had no Heart: and that was a strange thing in nature: how a Beast could live without a Heart."

20. *A lion, Who*, etc. In the Elizabethan age, *which* was not yet established as the neuter relative. It was often applied to persons (as in the Lord's Prayer, "Our Father *which* art in heaven") and *who* to things. It is not unusual nowadays to find *who* applied to brute animals by good writers. Mr. Grant White has "a dog who" in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

22. *Annoying*. Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 156: "Good angels guard thee from the boor's annoy!" Chaucer (*Persones Tale*) speaks of a man as *annoying* his neighbour by burning his house, or poisoning him, and the like. For the change in meaning, cf. *naughty*, i. 1. 16 above.

Drawn Upon a heap. Crowded together. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 5. 18: "Let us on heaps go offer up our lives;" *Rich. III.* ii. 1. 53: "Among this princely heap," etc.

30. *These are their reasons*. Such and such are their reasons. Cf. ii. 1. 31 below: "Would run to these and these extremities."

32. *Climate*. Region, clime. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 130: "in a Christian climate;" and Bacon, *Adv. of L.* i. 6. 10: "the southern stars were in that climate unseen." The word is used as a verb in *W. T.* v. 1. 170: "whilst you Do climate here."

35. *Clean from*. Quite away from. Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 366: "clean out of the way," etc. See also *Psalms*, lxxvii. 8, *Isaiah*, xxiv. 19, etc.

40. *Not to walk in*. That is, not fit to walk in.

42. *What night is this!* What a night this is! Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 53: —

"What fool is she that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!"

and *T. N.* ii. 5. 123:—

"*Fabian.* What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

Sir Toby. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!"

47. *Submitting me.* Exposing myself.

48. *Unbraced.* S. has in mind the English *doublet*, as in i. 2. 261 above.

49. *The thunder-stone.* The imaginary product of the thunder, which the ancients called *Brontia*, mentioned by Pliny as a species of gem, and as that which, falling with the lightning, does the mischief. It is the fossil commonly called the Belemnite, or Finger-stone, and now known to be a shell. We still talk of the *thunder-bolt*, which, however, is commonly confounded with the lightning. The *thunder-stone* was held to be quite distinct from the lightning, as may be seen from *Cymb.* iv. 2. 270:—

"*Guiderius.* Fear no more the lightning-flash.

Arviragus. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone."

It is also alluded to in *Oth.* v. 2. 235:—

"Are there no stones in heaven

But what serve for the thunder?"

60. *Case yourself in wonder.* The folio has "cast your selfe in wonder," which is retained by some editors, who explain it, "throw yourself into a state of wonder;" which, however, seems somewhat forced. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 146: "attir'd in wonder."

64. *Why birds and beasts*, etc. That is, why they change their natures. See on 35 above. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 104: "Quite from his nature."

65. *Why old men fool*, etc. Why old men become fools, and children prudent. The folio reads, "Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate."

66. *Their ordinance.* What they were ordained to be.

71. *Some monstrous state.* Some monstrous or unnatural state of things. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 176: "this enormous state," where *enormous* = abnormal.

73. *That thunders*, etc. The antecedent of *that* is *man* rather than *night*.

74. *As doth the lion in the Capitol*. That is, roars in the Capitol as doth the lion. Possibly S. imagined lions kept in the Capitol, as in the Tower of London.

75. *Than thyself or me*. Elsewhere we find *I* for *me*. The inflections of pronouns were often confused by the Elizabethan writers.

76. *Prodigious*. Portentous; as always in S. except in *T. G. of V.* ii. 3. 4: "the prodigious son" (Launce's blunder for "prodigal son").

80. *Thews and limbs*. Here *thews* means muscular powers, as in the two other instances (*2 Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 276, and *Ham.* i. 3. 12) in which S. uses the word. It must not be confounded with the obsolete *thews* = manners, or qualities of mind. This latter *thews* is common in Chaucer and other early writers; the former is found very rarely before S.'s day.

81. *Woe the while*. Alas for the time!

82. *Govern'd with*. *With* was often used with the agent or cause.

94. *Can be retentive*, etc. Can retain or confine the spirit.

96. *Power*. Here a dissyllable.

100. *So every bondman*, etc. There is a play on *bond*; as in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 77: "Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray!" Cf. also *Cymb.* v. 4. 28: "And cancel these cold bonds" (that is, his *chains*); *Macb.* iii. 2. 49: —

"And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!"

113. *My answer must be made*. I shall be called to account, or must answer for what I say.

115. *Such a man That is no fleering telltale*. For *such* . . . *that*, cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 263, *Sonn.* 34. 7, etc. See also *so* . . . *that* in i. 2. 309 above. *Fleering* = grinning, sneering. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. I. 58: "never fleer and jest at me."

116. *Hold, my hand*. Here *hold* is probably a mere interjection,

as often in S., and not an imperative with object "understood." Cf. *Macb.* ii. 1. 4: "Hold, take my sword;" *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 92: "Hold, take my ring," etc. This *hold* is of course identical with the *reflexive* verb which we have below (v. 3. 85): "But hold thee, take this garland," etc.

117. *Be factious*, etc. Be one of a faction; join in a conspiracy. *Griefs* here = *grievances*. Cf. iii. 2. 215 and iv. 2. 42, 46 below.

119. *As who goes farthest*. As *he* who, or *any one* who. Cf. *as who should say*, in *M. of V.* i. 2. 45, *Macb.* iii. 6. 42, etc.

122. *Undergo*. Undertake. Cf. *W. T.* ii. 3. 164, iv. 4. 554, etc.

123. *Honourable-dangerous*. For the compound adjective cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 90: "More active-valiant or more valiant-young," etc.

125. *Pompey's porch*. A large portico connected with Pompey's Theatre, in the Campus-Martius.

127. *The element*. The heaven, or sky. Cf. North (*Life of Pompey*): "the dust in the element" (that is, in the air); and the quotation in note on 15 above: "the Fires in the Element." See also Milton, *Comus*, 298: —

"I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play in the plighted clouds."

128. *In favour's like*. In aspect is like. Cf. i. 2. 87 and ii. 1. 76.

134. *One incorporate To our attempt*. One united with us in our enterprise. Cf. Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. 2. 12: "not incorporate into the history." Contracted participial forms, like *incorporate*, *articulate* (1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 72), *suffocate* (*T. and C.* i. 3. 125), etc., are not uncommon in S.

137. *There's two or three*. *Is* and other singular verbs are often found before a plural subject; as in *Cymb.* iv. 2. 371: "There is no more such masters," etc. So in questions; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 85: "Is there not wars?" *Oth.* i. 1. 172: "Is there not charms?" etc. So with two singular subjects; as in 147 below.

145. *Upon old Brutus' statue.* Cf. North (*Life of Brutus*): "But for *Brutus*, his friends and Countreymen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumors of the City, and by many bills also, did openly call and procure him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor *Junius Brutus* (that drave the Kings out of ROME) they wrote: O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, *Brutus*! and again, That thou were here among us now! His tribunal or chair, where he gave audience during the time he was Prætor, was full of such bills: *Brutus*, thou art asleep, and art not *Brutus* indeed."

151. *Pompey's theatre.* This was the first stone theatre that had been built at Rome, and was modeled after one that Pompey had seen at Mitylene. It was large enough to accommodate forty thousand spectators. At its opening in B.C. 55, the games exhibited by Pompey lasted many days, and consisted of dramatic representations, contests of gymnasts and of gladiators, and fights of wild beasts. Five hundred African lions were killed, and eighteen elephants were brought into the arena, most of which fell before Gætulian huntsmen.

153. *Three parts of him Is ours.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 438: "Two of both kinds makes up four," etc. This construction is common now (as in "three-fourths of it is," etc.), the subject being regarded as singular in sense, though not in form.

158. *Alchemy.* For the allusion to the art of changing base metals to gold, cf. *Sonn.* 33. 4: "Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;" and *K. John*, iii. 1. 78:—

"the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold."

161. *Conceited.* Conceived, imagined; as in iii. 1. 193 below. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 149: "one that so imperfectly conceits," etc.



ROMAN AUGUR

ACT II

SCENE I. — The heading in the folio is, "*Enter Brutus in his Orchard.*" *Orchard* in S. is generally synonymous with garden. The "private arbours and new-planted orchards" of iii. 2. 251 below are the "*gardens and arbours*" of North.

1. *What, Lucius!* *What* was often thus used to express impatience; as in *M. of V.* ii. 5. 3: "What, Jessica!" etc. So also *when*, as in 5 below.

3. *How near to day.* How near it is to day.

11. *To spurn at him.* The word originally meant to *kick*, and thence to *strike at*, literally or figuratively. Cf. iii. 1. 46 below.

12. *For the general.* For the community, or the people. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 4. 27: "the general subject to a well-wish'd king;" *Ham.* ii. 2. 457: "caviare to the general," etc. Some make it mean, "for the general cause."

15. *Crown him? — that.* Be that so; suppose that done.

17. *Do danger.* Do what is dangerous, do mischief; as in *R. and J.* v. 2. 20, etc.

19. *Remorse*. Mercy, or pity; its usual meaning in S. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 20, *K. John*, iv. 3. 50, etc.

20. *Affections*. Feelings; as often. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 18: "your affections Would become tender," etc.

21. *Common proof*. A thing commonly proved, a common experience. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 1. 135: —

"for 't is a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies."

24. *Upmost*. Like *inmost*, *outmost*, or *utmost*, etc. It is used by S. only here.

26. *The base degrees*. The lower steps of the ladder. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 112: "You have . . . Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted," etc.

29. *Will bear no colour*, etc. Can find no pretext in what he now is. Cf. *A. and C.* i. 3. 32: "Seek no colour for your going."

30. *Fashion it thus*. Take this view of it.

31. *These and these*. See on i. 3. 30 above.

33. *As his kind*. Like the rest of his species.

34. *And kill him in the shell*. "It is impossible not to feel the expressive effect of the hemistich here. The line itself is, as it were, killed in the shell" (Craik).

40. *The ides of March*. The folio has "the first of March," but it was evidently a slip on the part of S.

50. *Have took*. In v. 4. 18 we have *ta'en*, and elsewhere *taken*; so *undertook* and *underta'en*. S. often uses two or more forms of the participle. See on 192 below.

59. *March is wasted fifteen days*. This is the folio reading, changed to "fourteen days" by many editors; but whether S. had it in mind or not, *fifteen* is according to *Roman* usage.

65. *Phantasma*. Vision: used by S. nowhere else. *Phantasm* (= fantastical fellow) occurs in *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 110: "A phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport;" and *Id.* v. 1. 20: "fanatical phantasms."

66. *The genius and the mortal instruments.* The mind and the bodily organs. It has been objected that these latter could not be said to consult with the mind; but cf. *Cor.* i. 1. 99 fol. where the "body's members" discuss their relations to the belly. See also 175-177 below.

On the whole passage, cf. *T. and C.* ii. 3. 184:—

"'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters 'gainst himself."

70. *Your brother Cassius.* Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus.

72. *Moe.* More; as in v. 3. 101 below. The word is used only with a plural or (as in *Temp.* v. 1. 224: "moe diversity of sounds") with an expression virtually plural.

73. *Their hats,* etc. The Romans generally went about bare-headed; but they sometimes wore a flat, broad-brimmed felt hat (*pétasus*) in the country or when traveling. Probably, however, S. had English rather than Roman usage in mind. See on i. 2. 261 above.

75. *That.* See on i. 1. 46 above. *Discover* = recognize.

76. *By any mark of favour.* See on i. 2. 87 above.

78. *Sham'st thou,* etc. Cf. *W. T.* ii. 1. 91: "What she should shame to know;" *K. John*, i. 1. 104: "I shame to speak," etc.

79. *Evils.* Evil things; as in *R. of L.* 1250, etc.

83. *For, if thou path,* etc. If thou walk in thy true form. Drayton uses *path* as a transitive verb in his *Polyolbion*: "Where from the neighbouring hills her passage Wey doth path," and again in his *Epistle from Duke Humphrey*, etc.: "Pathing young Henry's unadvised ways."

86. *We are too bold,* etc. We intrude too unceremoniously on your rest.

104. *Fret.* Variegate, fleck. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 313: "fretted with golden fire." See also *Cymb.* ii. 4. 88.

107. *Which is a great way*, etc. Which must be far to the south, when we consider the time of year.

112. *Your hands all over*. That is, all included.

114. *No, not an oath*, etc. Cf. North (*Life of Brutus*): "The onely name and great Calling of *Brutus*, did bring on the most of them to give consent to this conspiracy; who having never taken Oaths together, nor taken nor given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious Oaths, they all kept the matter so secret to themselves, and could so cunningly handle it, that notwithstanding, the gods did reveal it by manifest signs and tokens from above, and by Predictions of Sacrifices, yet all this would not be believed."

The face of men. Their anxious or troubled looks.

115. *The time's abuse*. The abuses of the time.

117. *Idle bed*. Bed of idleness; as we say "a sick bed." Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 147: "upon a lazy bed." *High-sighted* = supercilious.

119. *By lottery*. As chance may determine.

123. *What need we*, etc. Why need we, etc. Cf. *T. A.* i. 1. 189: "What shall I need to draw my sword?"

125. *Than secret Romans*. Than *that of* Romans pledged to secrecy.

126. *Will not palter*. Will not shuffle or equivocate. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 11. 63: "dodge And palter in the shifts of lowness;" *Macb.* v. 8. 20:—

"And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear
And break it to our hope."

129. *Cautelous*. Wary, crafty, as in *Cor.* iv. 1. 33: "cautelous baits and practice." Cf. the noun *cautel* in *Ham.* i. 3. 15: "no soil nor cautel doth besmirch The virtue of his will." Cotgrave (*Fr. Dict.* 1611) defines *cautelle* thus: "A wile, cautell, sleight; a

craftie reach, or fetch, guilefull deuse or endeour; also, craft, subtiltie, trumperie, deceit, cousenage."

133. *Even*. "Without a flaw or blemish, pure" (Schmidt). Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 37: "I know my life so even," etc.

134. *Insuppressive*. Used in a "passive" sense (not to be suppressed), like many adjectives in *-ful*, *-less*, *-ble*, and *-ive*. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2, 10: "The fair, the chaste, and *unexpressive* she;" *T. and C.* iii. 3. 198: "the *uncomprehensive* (unknown) deeps," etc.

135. *To think*. By thinking. The infinitive is often used in this way.

136. *Did need an oath*. Ever could need an oath.

138. *A several bastardy*. "A special or distinct act of baseness, or of treason against ancestry and honourable birth" (Craik).

144. *His silver hairs*. Cicero was then about sixty years old. There is an obvious play upon *silver* and *purchase*. *Opinion* = reputation.

150. *Break with him*. Broach the matter to him. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 59: "I am to break with thee of some affairs," etc.

Cf. North (*Life of Brutus*): "For this cause they durst not acquaint Cicero with their conspiracy, although he was a man whom they loved dearly, and trusted best; for they were afraid that he, being a coward by nature, and age also having encreased his fear, he would quite turn and alter all their purpose, and quench the heat of their enterprise, the which specially required hot and earnest execution."

157. *We shall find of him A shrewd contriver*. *Shrewd* = evil, mischievous; the original sense of the word. Wiclif (*Genesis*, vi. 12) translates *iniquitate* of the Vulgate by "shrewdnes." Cf. Chaucer, *Tale of Melibæus*: "The prophete saith: Flee shrewdnesse, and do goodnesse; seek pees, and folwe it, in as muchel as in thee is." *Contriver* = plotter; as in *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 151, etc.

160. *Annoy*. See on i. 3. 22 above.

164. *Envy*. Malice; as often. See *M. of V.* iv. 1. 10, 121, etc.

173. *Carve him*, etc. An allusion to the practice of hunters,

who believed that "the carcase of the hart should not be thrown rudely to the hounds, but should be reverently disposed of."

177. *And after seem to chide 'em.* This reminds us of the scene between King John and Hubert (iv. 2. 203-242). *Make* = make to seem.

180. *Purgers.* Cleansers or healers (of the land). Cf. *Mach.* v. 3. 52.

187. *Take thought and die.* *Thought* used to mean "anxiety, melancholy;" and to *think*, or *take thought*, "to be anxious, despondent." Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 13. 1: "*Cleopatra.* What shall we do, Enobarbus? *Enobarbus.* Think, and die;" Holland, *Camden's Ireland*: "the old man for very thought and grief of heart pined away and died;" Bacon, *Hen. VII.*: "Hawis . . . dyed with thought and anguish." See also 1 *Samuel*, ix. 5, and *Matthew*, vi. 25.

190. *There is no fear in him.* That is, nothing for us to fear. *Fear* is elsewhere used for the *cause* or *object* of fear; as in *M. N. D.*

v. 1. 21: —

"Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!"

192. *Count the clock.* Of course this is an anachronism, as the *clepsydræ*, or water-clocks, of the Romans did not strike the hours.

Hath stricken. S. uses *struck* (or *strook*), *strucken* (or *stroken*), and *stricken*.

194. *Whether.* Here the folio prints "Whether," though the word is metrically equivalent to the "where" in i. 1. 62 above.

196. *Quite from the main opinion.* Quite contrary to the fixed (or predominant) opinion. See on i. 3. 35 above.

197. *Fantasy.* "Fancy, or imagination with its unaccountable anticipations and apprehensions, as opposed to the calculations of reason" (Craik).

Ceremonies. Omens or signs from sacrifices, or other *ceremonia*. rites. Cf. Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. 10. 3: "ceremonies, characters, and charms," where the word means superstitious rites.

198. *These apparent prodigies.* These manifest portents. *Apparent* is used in its emphatic sense (*clearly* appearing), not in its weaker one (*merely* appearing, or *seeming*). Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 292: "this open and apparent shame;" *K. John*, iv. 2. 93:—

"It is apparent foul play; and 't is shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it."

204. *That unicorns, etc.* Unicorns are said to have been taken by running behind a tree, and avoiding the attack of the animal, whose horn spent its force on the trunk and stuck fast. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 5. 10:—

"Like as a Lyon, whose imperiall powre
A prowde rebellious Unicorn defyes,
T' avoide the rash assault and wrathful stowre
Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applyes,
And when him ronning in full course he spyes,
He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
His precious horne sought of his enimyest,
Strikes in the stocke ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast."

Bears are reported to have been surprised by means of a mirror, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking a surer aim. *Elephants* were captured by pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a bait to tempt them was exposed. See Pliny's *Natural History*, book viii.

208. *Most flattered.* At the end of a line *ed* is often sounded after *er*.

212. *There.* That is, at Cæsar's house.

215. *Doth bear Cæsar hard.* See on i. 2. 310 above. On the relations of this Caius (or, rather, Quintus) Ligarius to Cæsar cf. North (*Life of Brutus*): "Now amongst *Pompey's* friends, there was one called *Caius Ligarius*, who had been accused unto *Cæsar* for taking part with *Pompey*, and *Cæsar* discharged him. But *Ligarius* thanked not *Cæsar* so much for his discharge, as

he was offended with him for that he was brought in danger by his tyrannicall power. And, therefore, in his heart he was always his mortall enemy, and was besides very familiar with *Brutus*, who went to see him being sick in his bed, and said unto him: *Ligarius*, in what a time art thou sick! *Ligarius* rising up in his bed, and taking him by the right hand, said unto him: *Brutus* (said he), if thou hast any great enterprise in hand worthy of thyself, I am whole."

218. *Go along by him.* That is, by his house (on your way home). Cf. iv. 3. 205 below.

224. *Look fresh and merrily.* That is, freshly and merrily (or fresh and merry). Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 135: "Apt and willingly." See also *M. for M.* iv. 6. 13: "The generous and gravest citizens," etc.

225. *Let not our looks put on our purposes.* That is, "such expression as would betray our purposes." Cf. *Macb.* i. 5. 64: —

"To beguile the time,
Look like the time: bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it."

And *Id.* i. 7. 81: —

"Away, and mock the time with fairest show;
False face must hide what the false heart doth know."

227. *Formal constancy.* Constancy in outward form or aspect.

230. *The honey-heavy dew of slumber.* The folio reads, "the hony-heauy-Dew of Slumber;" "that is, slumber as refreshing as dew, and whose heaviness is sweet." Cf. *Rich.* III. iv. 1. 84: "enjoy the golden dew of sleep."

231. *Thou hast no figures,* etc. Pictures created by imagination. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 2. 231: "if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains."

233. *Enter PORTIA.* Cf. North (*Life of Brutus*): "Now *Brutus*, who knew very well, that for his sake all the noblest, valiantest, and most couragious men of ROME did venture their lives, weighing

with himself the greatness of the danger: when he was out of his house, he did so frame and fashion his countenance and lookes, that no man could discern he had anything to trouble his mind. But when night came that he was in his own house, then he was clean changed: for either care did wake him against his will when he would have slept, or else oftentimes of himself he fell into such deep thoughts of this enterprise, casting in his mind all the dangers that might happen: that his Wife lying by him, found that there was some marvellous great matter that troubled his mind, not being wont to be in that taking, and that he could not well determine with himself. . . . This young Lady being excellently well seen in Philosophy, loving her Husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise: because she would not ask her Husband what he ayled, before she had made some proof by herself: she took a little Razor, such as Barbers occupy to pare mens nails, and causing her Maids and Women to go out of her Chamber gave herself a great gash withall in her thigh, that she was straight all of a gore blood: and incontinently after, a vehement Feaver took her, by reason of the pain of her wound. Then perceiving her Husband was marvellously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest, even in her greatest pain of all, she spake in this sort unto him: 'I being, O *Brutus* (said she), the daughter of *Cato*, was married unto thee; not to be thy bedfellow, and Companion in bed and at board onely, like a Harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evill Fortune. Now for thy self, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match: but for my part, how may I show my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly bear a secret mischance or grief with thee, which requireth secresie and fidelity. I confess, that a Womans wit commonly is too weak to keep a secret safely: but yet (*Brutus*) good education, and the company of vertuous men, have some power to reform the defect of nature. And for my self, I have this benefit moreover, that I am the Daughter of *Cato*, and Wife of *Brutus*. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before,

untill that now I have found by experience, that no pain or grief whatsoever can overcome me.' With those words she shewed him her wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove her self. *Brutus* was amazed to hear what she said unto him, and lifting up his hands to Heaven, he besought the goddesses to give him the grace he might bring his enterprise to so good pass, that he might be found a Husband, worthy of so noble a Wife as *Porcia*: so he then did comfort her the best he could."

238. *Stole*. Elsewhere S. has *stolen*. See on 192 above.

240. *Arms across*. Folded arms; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 224, *R. of L.* 793, 1662, etc.

246. *Wafture*. Waving. The folio has "wafter." S. uses the word nowhere else.

248. *Impatience*. A quadrisyllable. See on i. 3. 13 above.

251. *His hour*. Its hour. See on i. 2. 123 above.

254. *Prevail'd on your condition*. Influenced your temper or state of mind. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 143: "the condition of a saint," etc.

255. *Dear my lord*. Cf. the French *cher monsieur*, etc.

261. *Is Brutus sick?* Grant White remarks: "For *sick*, the correct English adjective to express all degrees of suffering from disease, and which is universally used in the Bible and by Shakespeare, the Englishman of Great Britain has poorly substituted the adverb *ill*." Cf. *Genesis*, xlviii. 1, 1 *Samuel*, xix. 14, xxx. 13, etc.

Is it physical? Favourable to one's health. Cf. the only other instance in which S. uses the word, *Cor.* i. 5. 19: —

"The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me."

262. *To walk unbraced*. See on i. 3. 48 above.

266. *Rheumy*. Causing "rheumatic diseases" (*M. N. D.* ii. 1. 105) or colds in the head, etc.; used by S. only here.

268. *Some sick offence*. Some pain, or grief, that makes you sick.

271. *I charm you*. I conjure you. Cf. *R. of L.* 1681.

283. *But, as it were, in sort or limitation.* Only in a manner, or in some limited sense.

289. *As dear to me*, etc. Gray has imitated this in *The Bard*: "Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart." Some critics see here an anticipation of Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood; but vague notions of such a circulation prevailed long before Harvey's day.

308. *All the charactery*, etc. The word *charactery* occurs also in *M. W.* v. 5. 77: "Fairies use flowers for their charactery," and with the same accent as here.

309. *Who's that knocks?* That is, *who* knocks. The ellipsis of the relative is common.

313. *Vouchsafe good morrow*, etc. *Vouchsafe to receive*, etc.

315. *To wear a kerchief.* The word *kerchief* (French *couvrir*, to cover, and *chef*, the head) is here used in its original sense of a covering for the head. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 3. 62: "A plain kerchief, Sir John; my brows become nothing else." S. here gives to Rome the manners of his own time, it being a common practice in England for sick people to wear a kerchief on their heads. Cf. Fuller, *Worthies*: "if any there be sick, they make him a posset, and tye a kerchief on his head, and if that will not mend him, then God be merciful to him."

323. *Thou, like an exorcist.* Wherever the word occurs in S. to *exorcise* means to raise spirits, not to lay them. See *Cymb.* iv. 2. 276, *A. W.* v. 3. 305, and 2 *Hen.* VI. i. 4. 5.

324. *Mortified spirit.* The former word makes *four* syllables; the latter, as often, only *one*. On *mortified* = deadened, cf. *Hen.* V. i. 1. 26:—

"The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too."

331. *To whom it must be done.* That is, to *him* to whom. The ellipses of the antecedent and of the proposition are common in relative sentences.

SCENE II.—*Enter CÆSAR, in his night-gown.* That is, his dressing-gown. Cf. *Macb.* v. 1. 5: "I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her," etc. See also *Id.* ii. 2. 70. The Elizabethans (whom S. had in mind) wore no garment in bed. Cf. *V. and A.* 397.

1. *Have been.* A plural verb is sometimes found after two or more singular subjects with *neither . . . nor*, after the analogy of *both . . . and*. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 2. 60:—

"No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does."

2. *Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep*, etc. Cf. North (*Life of Cæsar*): "He heard his wife *Calpurnia*, being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many fumbling lamentable speeches: for she dreamed that *Cæsar* was slain, and that she had him in her Arms. . . . Insomuch that *Cæsar* rising in the morning, she prayed him if it were possible, not to go out of the doors that day, but to adjourn the Session of the Senate until another day. And if that he made no reckoning of her Dream, yet that he would search further of the Soothsayers by their Sacrifices, to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that *Cæsar* likewise did fear or suspect somewhat, because his Wife *Calpurnia* untill that time was never given to any fear and superstition: and that then he saw her so troubled in mind with this Dream she had. But much more afterwards, when the Soothsayers having sacrificed many Beasts one after another, told him that none did like them: then he determined to send *Antonius* to adjourn the Session of the Senate. But in the mean time came *Decius Brutus*, surnamed *Albinus*, in whom *Cæsar* put such confidence, that in his last Will and Testament he had appointed him to be his next Heir, and yet was of the conspiracy with *Cassius* and *Brutus*: he, fear-

ing that if *Cæsar* did adjourn the Session that day, the conspiracy would be betrayed, laughed at the Soothsayers, and reproved *Cæsar*, saying, that he gave the Senate occasion to dislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him King of all his Provinces of the Empire of ROME out of ITALY, and that he should wear his Diadem in all other places both by Sea and Land. And furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him, they should depart for that present time, and return again when *Calpurnia* should have better Dreams, what would his Enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his Friends words?"

5. *Present*. Immediate; as in *R. of L.* 1263: "present death," etc. So *presently* = immediately.

6. *Success*. Probably = good fortune (and so in v. 3. 65 below); but often = issue. For the latter sense, cf. v. 3. 66; also *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 236: "dangerous success," etc. See also *Joshua*, i. 8.

13. *I never stood on ceremonies*. I never regarded auguries. See on ii. 1. 197 above.

19. *Fought*. The folio has "fight," which some editors retain.

22. *Hurtled*. Clashed. S. uses the word only here and in *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 132. Cf. Gray, *The Fatal Sisters*:—

"Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air."

23. *Horses did neigh*. The 1st folio has "Horsses do neigh"; corrected in the 2d folio.

24. *And ghosts did shriek*, etc. Cf. *Hamlet*, i. 1. 113 fol.:—

"In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
As stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,

Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse."

25. *Beyond all use.* That is, all that we are used to.

27. *Whose end is purpos'd.* The completion of which is designed.

31. *Blaze forth.* Proclaim (cf. *R. and J.* iii. 3. 151); with a reference also to the other meaning, as in *V. and A.* 219: "Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong." On the passage cf. *1 Hen. VI.* i. 1. 1 fol.

32. *Cowards die many times,* etc. See p. 15 above.

38. *Have you to stir.* In S. the *to* of the infinitive is often omitted where it would now be inserted, and *vice versa*. See on i. 1. 3 and i. 2. 169 above.

67. *Afeard.* Used by S. interchangeably with *afraid*.

72. *Enough to satisfy,* etc. Enough *for me to do* towards that end.

76. *To-night.* Last night; as in iii. 3. 1 below.

In this line the folio has "Statue," and also in iii. 2. 190 below: "Euen at the Base of *Pompeyes* Statue;" but in both passages the editors, with very few exceptions, have given *statua*, a form of the word common in the time of S. both in poetry and prose. Bacon, for example, uses it in *Essays* 27, 37, and 45, and repeatedly (if not uniformly) elsewhere. Some print "statuë."

78. *Lusty.* See on i. 2. 104 above.

89. *For tinctures, stains,* etc. *Tinctures* and *stains* probably carry an allusion to the practice of dipping handkerchiefs in the blood of martyrs. Yet this makes the speaker assign to Cæsar by implication the very kind of death Calpurnia apprehends. Craik asks: "Do we refine too much in supposing that this inconsistency between the purpose and the language of Decius is intended by the poet, and that in this brief dialogue between him and Cæsar, in which the latter suffers himself to be so easily won over—persuaded and relieved by the very words that ought naturally to have

confirmed his fears — we are to feel the presence of an unseen power driving on both the unconscious prophet and the blinded victim?" Cf. iii. 2. 135 below.

Cognizance (that by which anything is *known*) is an heraldic term = badge. Cf. *1 Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 108 and *Cymb.* ii. 4. 127. Here the word may be plural; as many words ending in a sibilant (like *balance, horse, sense, etc.*) omit the regular ending in the plural.

97. *Apt to be render'd.* Likely to be made in reply.

102. *Love to your proceeding.* Affectionate interest in your course of conduct, or career. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 1. 193: "I have an interest in your hate's proceeding," etc.

104. *And reason to my love is liable.* Reason is subordinate to my love; or, my love leads me to indulge in a freedom of speech that my reason would restrain.

114. *'Tis stricken eight.* See on ii. 1. 192 above.

121. *An hour's talk.* Here *hour's* is a dissyllable.

128. *That every like, etc.* That to be like a thing is not always to be that thing. There is a reference to Cæsar's "We, *like* friends."

129. *Yearns to think upon.* The folio has "earnest," another form of the same word. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 10. 21: "And ever his faint hart much earned at the sight;" where it is used in the same sense as here. In S. *yearn* always means either to pain (transitive) or to be pained, to grieve (intransitive). Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 3. 3: "For Falstaff he is dead, And we must yearn therefore;" *Id.* iv. 3. 26: "It yearns me not if men my garments wear," etc.

SCENE III. — 7. *Security gives way to.* Confidence, or carelessness, leaves the way open to. Cf. iv. 3. 39 below; and *Macb.* iii. 5. 32: "security Is mortal's chiefest enemy."

8. *Lover.* Friend. The word was formerly used of both sexes: as now when we speak of a man and woman as *lovers*. Cf. the title of *A Lover's Complaint*, where the *lover* is a woman. See also iii. 2. 13 and v. 1. 93 below.

12. *Out of the teeth of emulation.* Safe from the attacks of envy. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 2. 212: "Whilst emulation in the army crept." In the Rheims version of the Bible (1582), *Acts*, vii. 9 reads, "And the patriarchs through emulation sold Joseph into Egypt."

14. *Contrive.* Plot. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 360: "Thou hast contriv'd against the very life;" *Ham.* iv. 7. 136: "Most generous and free from all contriving," etc. See also on *contriver*, ii. 1. 158 above.

SCENE IV. — 3. *To know my errand.* Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 444 fol.

6. *Constancy.* Firmness; as in ii. 1. 227, 299 above. Cf. *Macb.* ii. 2. 68: "Your constancy Hath left you unattended" (that is, your firmness has forsaken you).

9. *To keep counsel.* To keep a secret. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 152: "the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all. See also ii. 1. 298 above.

18. *A bustling rumour.* Here *rumour* = murmur, noise. Cf. *K. John*, v. 4. 45: "the noise and rumour of the field." Drayton uses *rumorous* similarly: "the rumorously sound Of the sterne bilowes."

20. *Sooth.* In sooth, in truth. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 1, etc.

Enter Soothsayer. Here some editors substitute "Artemidorus," and it is probable that he and the Soothsayer are one.

28. *That I have,* etc. But it is Artemidorus who presents the suit in the next scene, as he had said he would do (ii. 3. 10).

31. *Any harm's intended.* Any harm that is intended. Cf. ii. 1. 309 above.

37. *I'll get me to a place more void.* I'll betake myself to a place more open (as opposed to *narrow*).

39. *Ay me!* It is "Aye me!" in the folio, but most of the editors have "Ah me!" The latter is a phrase that S. nowhere uses. Cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 56, 154, *Comus*, 511, *P. L.* iv. 86, x. 813, etc.

42. *Brutus hath a suit,* etc. This she addresses to the boy, whose presence she had for the moment forgotten.



STATUE OF POMPEY

ACT III

SCENE I. — Here, as in *Ham.* iii. 2. 109 and *A. and C.* ii. 6. 18, the death of Cæsar is represented as taking place in the Capitol, instead of the Curia of Pompey. Cf. North (*Life of Brutus*): “Furthermore, they [the conspirators] thought also that the appointment of the place where the Council should be kept, was chosen of purpose by divine Providence, and made all for them. For it was one of the Porches about the Theater, in the which there was a certain place full of Seats for men to sit in; where also was set up the image of *Pompey*, which the City had made and consecrated in honour of him, when he did beautifie that part of the City with the Theater he built, with divers Porches about it. In this place was the assembly of the Senate appointed to be, just on the fifteenth of the Moneth *March*, which the ROMANS call, *Idus Martias*: so that it seemed some god of purpose had brought *Cæsar* thither to be slain, for revenge of *Pompey’s* death.”

See also North (*Life of Cæsar*): "And one *Artemidorus* also born in the Isle of GNIDOS, a Doctor of Rhetorick in the Greek Tongue, who by means of his Profession was very familiar with certain of *Brutus* Confederates; and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against *Cæsar*, came and brought him a little Bill written with his own hand, of all that he meant to tell him. He marking how *Cæsar* received all the Supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him pressed nearer to him, and said: *Cæsar*, read this Memorial to your self, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly. *Cæsar* took it of him, but could never read it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of People that did salute him."

13. *I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.* Cf. North (*Life of Brutus*): "Another Senatour called *Popilius Læna*, after he had saluted *Brutus* and *Cassius* more friendly than he was wont to do, he rounded¹ softly in their ears, and told them: I pray the goddess you may go through with that you have taken in hand; but with-all, dispatch I read² you, for your enterprise is bewrayed. When he had said, he presently departed from them, and left them both afraid that their conspiracy would out."

18. *Look, how he makes to Cæsar; mark him.* See how he presses towards Cæsar. *Mark* is probably a dissyllable here.

21: *Cassius or Cæsar*, etc. *Cassius* says, if the plot be discovered, either he or Cæsar shall never return alive; for, if the latter cannot be killed, he is determined to slay himself. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 184: "Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror," etc. *Oth.* iv. 1. 263: "You did wish that I would make her turn," etc.

22. *Cassius, be constant*, etc. Cf. North (*Life of Brutus*): "And when *Cassius* and certain other clapped their hands on their Swords to draw them, *Brutus* marking the countenance and

¹ Whispered. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 566 and *W. T.* i. 2. 217.

² Advise. Cf. the noun (*rede*) in *Ham.* i. 3. 51: "recks not his own rede."

gesture of *Læna*, and considering that he did use himself rather like an humble and earnest suiter, then like an accuser: he said nothing to his Companion (because there were many amongst them that were not of the conspiracy), but with a pleasant countenance encouraged *Cassius*. And immediately after, *Læna* went from *Cæsar*, and kissed his hand: which shewed plainly that it was for some matter concerning himself, that he had held him so long in talk."

26. *He draws Mark Antony out of the way.* Cf. North (*Life of Brutus*): "*Trebonius* on the other side drew *Antonius* aside, as he came into the house where the Senate sate, and held him with a long talk without."

29. *He is address'd.* He is ready. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 9. 19: "And so have I address'd me" (prepared myself); 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 5: "Our navy is address'd;" *M. N. D.* v. 1. 107: "the Prologue is address'd," etc.

30. *Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.* Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 295: "When I rear my hand."

31. *Are we all ready?* In the folio these words begin *Cæsar's* speech, but some editors assign them to *Casca*. On the whole, no change seems to be necessary.

On the remainder of this scene, cf. North (*Life of Brutus*): "So when he was set, the Conspiratours flocked about him, and amongst them they presented one *Tullius Cimber*,¹ who made humble suit for the calling home again of his Brother that was banished. They all made as though they were intercessours for him, and took *Cæsar* by the hands, and kissed his head and breast. *Cæsar* at the first, simply refused their kindness and entreaties: but afterwards, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him. Then *Cimber*, with both his hands plucked *Cæsar's* Gown over his shoulders, and *Casca* that stood behind him, drew his Dagger first and strake *Cæsar* upon the shoulder,

¹ In the *Life of Cæsar* he is called *Metellus Cimber*, and in *Suetonius* (i. 82) *Cimber Tullius*.

but gave him no great wound. *Cæsar* feeling himself hurt, took him straight by the hand he held his Dagger in, and cried out, in Latine, O traytor *Casca*, what doest thou? *Casca* on the other side cried in Greek, and called his Brother to help him. So divers running on a heap together to flie upon *Cæsar*, he looking about him to have fled, saw *Brutus* with a Sword drawn in his hands ready to strike at him: then he let *Casca's* hand go, and casting his Gown over his face, suffered every man to strike at him that would. Then the Conspiratours thronging one upon another, because every man was desirous to have a cut at him, so many Swords and Daggers lighting upon one body, one of them hurt another, and among them *Brutus* caught a blow on his hand, because he would make one in murthering of him, and all the rest also were every man of them bloudied. *Cæsar* being slain in this manner, *Brutus* standing in the midst of the house, would have spoken and staied the other Senatours that were not of the conspiracy, to have told them the reason why they had done this fact. But they as men both afraid and amazed, fled, one upon anothers neck in hast to get out at the door, and no man followed them. For it was set down, and agreed between them, that they should kill no man but *Cæsar* onely, and should intreat all the rest to look to defend their liberty."

33. *Puissant*. Always a dissyllable in S., though *puissance* is sometimes a trisyllable. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 9: "Upon the power and puissance of the king;" and *Id.* i. 3. 77: "And come against us in full puissance."

36. *These couchings*. The word had the same meaning as *crouching*. Cf. *Genesis*, xlix. 14.

39. *Into the law of children*. The folio reads "the lane of Children," a misprint which Johnson corrected.

Be not fond, etc. Be not so foolish as to think, etc. This is the usual meaning of *fond* in S. On *such . . . that*, see on i. 3. 115 above.

43. *Low-crooked curtsies*. Cf. *Oth.* i. 1. 45: "duteous and

knee-crooking knave." The *curtsy* (the same word as *courtesy*), as a form of obeisance, was used by both men and women.

47. *Know Cæsar doth not wrong*, etc. Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, speaking of Shakespeare, says: "Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter; as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause.'" And he ridicules the expression again in his *Staple of News*: "Cry you mercy; you never did wrong but with just cause." But Jonson was probably speaking only from memory, which, as he himself says, was "shaken with age now, and sloth," and misquoted the passage; but if S. wrote at first what Jonson ascribed to him, he probably meant "what you call wrong," or "wrong from your point of view," and an actor could give the word *wrong* an intonation that would convey that idea.

51. *The repealing of my banish'd brother*. That is, his recall. Both the verb and the noun (see the next speech) are often used by S. in this sense. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 87: "Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be;" *Cor.* v. 5. 5: "Repeal him with the welcome of his mother," etc.

60. *But I am constant*, etc. Cf. i. 2. 208: "for always I am Cæsar."

67. *Apprehensive*. Endowed with apprehension or intelligence. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 107: "Makes it (the brain) apprehensive, quick, forgetive (inventive)."

69. *Holds on his rank*, etc. Continues to "hold his place" (like the star), resisting every attempt to move him. The participle of *shake* in S. is generally *shook*, but sometimes *shaked* and (in compounds) *shaken*. Thus we find both *wind-shaked* and *wind-shaken* (each once). See on ii. 1. 192 above.

77. *Et tu, Brute!* There is no ancient Latin authority for this famous exclamation, although in Suetonius (i. 82) Cæsar is made to address Brutus *Kαὶ σὺ, τέκνον;* (And thou too, my son?). It may have been in the Latin play on the same subject which was

acted at Oxford in 1582; and it is found in *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, first printed in 1595, on which 3 *Hen. VI.* is founded, as also in a poem by S. Nicholson, entitled *Acolastus his Afterwit*, printed in 1600, in both of which nearly contemporary productions we have the same line, "*Et tu, Brute? Wilt thou stab Cæsar, too?*"

90. *Cheer.* The word originally meant *face* (as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 307), and *Be of good cheer* meant "Put a good face on it," or "Look at it cheerfully." Then it came to mean *cheerfulness* and whatever (like food) promotes cheerfulness.

93. *Lest that.* *That* is often used as a "conjunctive affix" with *lest, if, since, though, when, while*, etc.

95. *Abide this deed.* That is, answer for it, be held responsible for it. Cf. iii. 2. 116 below.

96. *But we.* A common confusion of construction. Cf. *Ham.* i. 4. 54: "Making night hideous, and we," etc.

99. *As it were doomsday.* As if it were; a common ellipsis.

102. *Why, he that cuts off*, etc. The folio gives this speech to Casca, and it is in keeping with what Casca says in i. 3. 100 above: "So every bondman in his own hand bears," etc.

112. *How many ages hence*, etc. This prophecy is introduced for stage effect.

116. *On Pompey's basis lies along.* Lies prostrate at the base of Pompey's statue. Cf. *Cor.* v. 6. 57: "When he lies along," etc. See also *Judges*, vii. 13.

122. *Most boldest.* Cf. iii. 2. 185 below: "most unkindest," etc.

132. *Be resolv'd.* Have his doubts resolved or removed; be satisfied. Cf. iii. 2. 181 and iv. 2. 14 below.

137. *Thorough.* Through. *Thorough* and *through* are forms of the same word, and both forms are found in the compounds *thoroughly* and *thoroughfare*.

141. *Tell him, so please him come.* See on i. 2. 162 above.

144. *We shall have him well to friend.* Here *to* = *for*, as often.

146. *My misgiving still Falls shrewdly to the purpose.* My suspicions are always shrewd enough to hit the mark.

153. *Be let blood.* Be bled; that is, put to death. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 183, *T. and C.* ii. 3. 222, *Cymb.* iv. 2. 168, etc. *Rank* = sick from repletion; as in *Sonn.* 118. 12, 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 64, etc.

156. *Of half that worth as.* See on i. 2. 30 above.

158. *If you bear me hard.* See on i. 2. 310 above.

160. *Live a thousand years.* Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 61: "Live thou, I live."

161. *Apt to die.* Ready or disposed to die.

162. *No mean of death.* S. commonly uses the plural *means*, but has *mean* three times.

164. *The choice and master spirits.* We have the expression "choice spirits" in 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 3.

172. *As fire,* etc. The first *fire* is a dissyllable, the second a monosyllable. For the simile, cf. *R. and J.* i. 2. 46: "one fire burns out another's burning;" *Cor.* iv. 7. 54: "One fire drives out one fire;" *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 192: "Even as one heat another heat expels," etc.

175. *Our arms, in strength of malice,* etc. The passage has perplexed the critics, and many emendations have been suggested; as "exempt from malice," "no strength of malice," "in strength of welcome," "in strength of amity," etc.; but as Grant White remarks: "The difficulty seems to result from a forgetfulness of the preceding context: —

" ' Though now we must appear *bloody and cruel*,
As by *our hands*, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet you see but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done.
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome,' etc.

So (*Brutus* continues) our arms, even in the intensity of their hatred to *Cæsar's* tyranny, and our hearts in their brotherly love to all Romans, do receive you in."

182. *Deliver*. Declare, relate. Cf. *Temp.* ii. i. 44: "as he most learnedly delivered," etc.

185. *Render*, etc. Give me in return for mine.

190. *Though last, not least in love*. Cf. *Lear*, i. i. 85 (quarto): "Although the last, not least in our dear love." Spenser has "though last, not least" in *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, published in 1595.

193. *Conceit*. See on i. 3. 161 above.

197. *Dearer*. More intensely. Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 182: "My dearest foe," etc.

205. *Bayed*. That is, "brought to bay," or hemmed in by enemies as a hart by the hounds.

207. *Crimson'd in thy lethe*. Crimson'd in the stream that bears thee to oblivion; alluding to the classical *Lethe*.

208, 209. *O world*, etc. Coleridge doubted the genuineness of these two lines, but we have the same quibble in *A. V. L.* iii. 2. 260 and *T. N.* i. i. 21.

210. *Strucken*. See on ii. i. 192 above.

214. *Modesty*. Moderation. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. i. 68: "If it be husbanded with modesty," etc.

216. *Compact*. The noun is accented on the second syllable in S., except in 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 163.

217. *Prick'd*. Marked. Cf. iv. i. 1, 3, 16 below. See also 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 121, 125, 144, etc.

225. *So full of good regard*. So full of what is entitled to favourable regard. Cf. iv. 2. 12 below.

229. *Produce*. Bear forth, bring out (the etymological sense); as in 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 40, *Lear*, v. 3. 230, etc.

236. *By your pardon*. By your leave, I will explain.

237. *The pulpit*. The *rostra*, or orator's platform, in the Forum.

258. *The tide of times*. The course of time. *Tide* and *time* properly mean the same thing. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 2. 29: "and rest their weary limbs a tide;" *Id.* iii. 6. 21; "mine may be your

paine another tide," etc. The word still has this sense in *eventide*, *springtide*, etc.

263. *The limbs of men.* The folio reading, variously altered by the editors, but probably = the bodies of men—perhaps as maimed in war.

269. *With the hands.* Here *with* = by, as often. Cf. iii. 2. 199 below.

272. *With Ate by his side.* This Homeric goddess of discord is mentioned by S. several times. See *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 263: "the infernal Ate;" *L. L. L.* v. 2. 694: "more Ates, more Ates;" *K. John*, ii. 1. 63: "an Ate stirring him to blood and strife."

274. *Cry 'Havoc!'* In old times this cry was the signal that no quarter was to be given. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 275:—

"Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant."

The dogs of war. Steele (*Tatler*, No. 137) suggests that by "the dogs of war" S. probably meant *fire, sword, and famine*. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. chor. 5:—

"Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment."

See also *Hen. VI.* iv. 2. 10:—

"You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean Famine, quartering Steel, and climbing Fire."

275. *That this foul deed.* See on i. 1. 46 above.

284. *Passion, I see, is catching.* That is, emotion is contagious. See on i. 2. 45 above.

290. *No Rome of safety.* See on i. 2. 152 above.

296. *The which.* This archaism is occasionally found in S., as in the Bible (*Genesis*, i. 29, etc.).

SCENE II. — On this scene and the next, cf. North (*Life of Brutus*): "Now, at the first time when the murder was newly

done, there were suddain outcries of People that ran up and down the City, the which indeed did the more increase the fear and tumult. But when they saw they slew no man, neither did spoil nor make havock of anything, then certain of the Senatours, and many of the People emboldening themselves, went to the Capitoll unto them. There a great number of men being assembled together one after another, *Brutus* made an Oration unto them to win the favour of the People, and to justify that they had done. All those that were by, said they had done well, and cried unto them, that they should boldly come down from the Capitoll: whereupon *Brutus* and his Companions came boldly down into the Market-place. The rest followed in Troop, but *Brutus* went foremost, very honourably compassed in round about with the noblest men of the City, which brought him from the Capitoll, through the Market-place, to the Pulpit for Orations. When the People saw him in the Pulpit, although they were a multitude of rake-hells of all sorts, and had a good will to make some stir: yet being ashamed to do it, for the reverence they bare unto *Brutus*, they kept silence to hear what he would say: when *Brutus* began to speak, they gave him quiet audience: Howbeit immediately after, they shewed that they were not all contented with the murther. For when another called *Cinna* would have spoken, and began to accuse *Cæsar*, they fell into a great uprore among them, and marvellously reviled him. Insomuch that the Conspiratours returned again into the Capitoll. There *Brutus* being afraid to be besieged, sent back again the Noblemen that came thither with him, thinking it no reason, that they which were no partakers of the murther, should be partakers of the danger. . . .

"Then *Antonius* thinking good his Testament should be read openly, and also that his body should be honourably buried, and not in hugger mugger,¹ lest the People might thereby take occasion

¹ Secretly. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 84:—

"and we have done but greenly
In hugger-mugger to inter him."

to be worse offended if they did otherwise: *Cassius* stoutly spake against it. But *Brutus* went with the motion, and agreed unto it: wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault. For the first fault he did, was when he would not consent to his fellow Conspiratours that *Antonius* should be slain: and therefore he was justly accused, that thereby he had saved and strengthened a strong and grievous Enemy of their conspiracy. The second fault was, when he agreed that *Cæsars* Funerals should be as *Antonius* would have them, the which indeed marred all. For first of all, when *Cæsars* Testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every Citizen of ROME seventy-five Drachma's a man; and that he left his Gardens and Arbors unto the People, which he had on this side of the River Tyber, in the place where now the Temple of Fortune is built: the people then loved him, and were marvellous sorry for him. Afterwards when *Cæsars* body was brought into the Market-place, *Antonius* making his Funerall Oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient Custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common People to compassion, he framed his Eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more; and taking *Cæsars* Gown all bloody in his hand, he layed it open to the sight of them all, shewing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it. Therewithall the People fell presently into such a rage and mutiny, that there was no more order kept amongst the common People. For some of them cried out, Kill the murtherers: others plucked up Forms, Tables, and Stalls about the Market-place, as they had done before at the funerals of *Clodius*; and having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the Body of *Cæsar*, and burnt it in the midst of the most holy places. And Furthermore, when the fire was thoroughly kindled, some here, some there, took burning Fire-brands, and ran with them to the Murtherers houses that killed him, to set them on fire. Howbeit, the Conspiratours foreseeing the danger, before had wisely provided for themselves, and fled. But there was a Poet called *Cinna*, who

had been no partaker of the conspiracy, but was alway one of *Cæsars* chieftest friends: he dreamed the night before, that *Cæsar* bad him to supper with him, and that he refusing to go, *Cæsar* was very importunate with him, and compelled him, so that at length he led him by the hand into a great dark place, where being marvellously afraid, he was driven to follow him in spite of his heart. This dream put him all night into a Fever, and yet notwithstanding, the next morning when he heard that they carried *Cæsars* body to buriall, being ashamed not to accompany his Funerals, he went out of his house, and thrust himself into the preass of the common People, that were in a great uproar. And because some one called him by his name, *Cinna*: the People thinking he had been that *Cinna*, who in an Oration he made, had spoken very ill of *Cæsar*, they falling upon him in their rage, slew him outright in the Market-place."

4. *Part the numbers.* Divide the crowd.

9. *And compare.* And we will compare. The ellipsis is supplied in the next line.

Upon this speech of Brutus, Knight, after quoting Hazlitt's remark that it is "not so good" as Antony's, comments as follows: "In what way is it not so good? As a specimen of eloquence, put by the side of Antony's, who can doubt that it is tame, passionless, severe, and therefore ineffective? But as an example of Shakespeare's wonderful power of characterization, it is beyond all praise. It was the consummate artifice of Antony that made him say, 'I am no orator, as Brutus is.' Brutus was *not* an orator. . . . He is a man of just intentions, of calm understanding, of settled purpose, when his principles are to become actions. But his notion of oratory is this: —

"I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our *Cæsar's* death.'

And he does show the *reason*. . . . He expects that Antony will speak with equal moderation—all good of *Cæsar*—no blame of *Cæsar's* murderers; and he thinks it an advantage to speak *before*

Antony. He knew not what *oratory* really is. But Shakespeare knew, and he painted Antony."

So far as the mere *style* of the speech is concerned, Warburton was right in considering it an "imitation of his famed laconic brevity." Cf. North (*Life of Brutus*): "they do note in some of his Epistles, that he counterfeited that brief compendious manner of speech of the LACEDÆMONIANS. As when the War was begun, he wrote unto the PERGAMENIANS in this sort: I understand you have given *Dolabella* money: if you have done it willingly, you confess you have offended me; if against your wills, show it then by giving me willingly. Another time again unto the SAMIANS: Your counsels be long, your doings be slow, consider the end. And in another Epistle he wrote unto the PATAREIANS: the XANTHIANS despising my good will, have made their Countrey a grave of despair, and the PATAREIANS that put themselves into my protection, have lost no jot of their liberty: and therefore whilst you have liberty, either chuse the judgement of the PATAREIANS, or the fortune of the XANTHIANS. These were *Brutus* manner of letters, which were honoured for their briefness." In the *Dialogus de Oratoribus* also it is said that Brutus's oratory was censured as "otiosum et disjunctum"; and, as Verplanck remarks, "the *disjunctum*, the broken-up style, without oratorical continuity, is precisely that assumed by the dramatist."

I am not aware that any commentator has called attention to the fact that S. has made Brutus express himself in a somewhat similar style in the speech in i. 2. 158 fol.: "That you do love me I am nothing jealous," etc.

13. *And lovers.* See on ii. 3. 8 above.

15. *Have respect to my honour.* That is, look to it, consider it.

16. *Censure me.* That is, judge me. Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 69: "Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment," etc.

28. *There is tears.* See on i. 3. 137 above.

38. *The question of his death.* A statement of the reasons *why* he was put to death (the *answer* to that question).

41. *Enforced*. Cf. *A. and C.* v. 2. 125, where, as here, the word is opposed to *extenuate*: "We will extenuate rather than enforce."

59. *Do grace*. Show respect, do honour. Cf. the verb in iii. 1. 121 above.

63. *Save I alone*. The expression occurs also in *T. N.* iii. 1. 172. Cf. v. 5. 69 below.

65. *The public chair*. The *pulpit* (iii. 1. 237), or *rostra*.

67. *Beholding*. Beholden; as in *M. of V.* i. 3. 106, etc.

76. *Bury*. S. was thinking for the moment of his own time and country; but that he knew the Roman custom is evident from 257 and v. 5. 55 below.

77. *The evil that men do*, etc. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iv. 2. 45:

"Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water."

80. *Ambitious*. A quadrisyllable, as in 88, 92, 95, and 100 below; but *ambition* in 99 is a trisyllable.

93. *When that*. See on iii. 1. 93 above.

116. *Abide it*. See on iii. 1. 95 above.

122. *And none so poor*, etc. So poor *as*, etc.

132. *The commons*. The common people.

133. *I do not mean to read*. It is unnecessary to say that he did mean to read it; and later (241) when they have forgotten the will, he is careful to remind them of it.

135. *Napkins*. Handkerchiefs. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 299: "Here, Hamlet, take my napkin; rub thy brows;" *Oth.* iii. 3. 290: "I am glad I have found this napkin" (the "handkerchief" of line 306 just below), etc.

152. *I have o'ershot myself*, etc. I have gone too far, etc.

169. *Stand far off*. *Far* is really the comparative, contracted from the original comparative, which has been replaced by *farther*. So also in v. 3. 11 below: "fly far off." Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 442: "Far than Deucalion off." So *near* is often used for *nearer*. Cf. *Rich. II.*

iii. 2. 64: "Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord;" *Id.* v. 1. 88: "Better far off than near, be ne'er the near."

175. *That day he overcame the Nervii.* On that day on which, etc. The Nervii were the most warlike of the Belgic tribes, and their subjugation (B.C. 57) was one of the most important events in Cæsar's Gallic campaigns.

177. *Envious.* Malicious. See on ii. 1. 164 above.

181. *To be resolv'd.* See on iii. 1. 132 above.

183. *Cæsar's angel.* His "good genius" or guardian angel; or, perhaps, "simply his best beloved, his darling."

185. *Most unkindest.* Cf. iii. 1. 122 above.

190. *Pompey's statua.* See on ii. 2. 76 above.

196. *The dint of pity.* The *impression* or influence of pity. Cf. *V. and A.* 354: "as new-fallen snow takes any dint," etc.

199. *With traitors.* See on iii. 1. 269 above.

215. *Private griefs.* Personal grievances. See on i. 3. 117 above.

223. *For I have neither wit,* etc. The 1st folio reads, "For I haue neyther writ nor words, nor worth;" corrected in 2d folio.

227. *Dumb mouths.* Cf. iii. 1. 261 above.

245. *Every several man.* *Several* = separate, as in ii. 1. 138 above.

Seventy-five drachmas. The drachma was a Greek coin worth very nearly the same as the French *franc*, or 19.3 cents. Plutarch gives seventy-five drachmas as the Greek equivalent for three hundred Roman sesterces, which was the amount named in the will. The sesterce (before the time of Augustus) was worth a little more than four cents. It must be borne in mind, however, that the value (or "purchasing power") of money was then much greater than now.

252. *On this side Tiber.* Cæsar's gardens were *beyond* the Tiber, as a Roman would say, or on the right bank of the river. S. copied the error from North, as will be seen above.

Left them you. The *you* is emphatic, which explains the inversion.

253. *Common pleasures,* etc. Public pleasure-grounds, in which you can walk, etc.

258. *Fire*. A dissyllable; as in iii. 1. 172 above.

269. *Upon a wish*. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 50: "upon thy wish," etc.

273. *Belike*. Probably; often used by S., but now obsolete.

Some notice of the people. Some information *respecting* (not *from*) the people.

SCENE III. — 1. *To-night*. See on ii. 2. 76 above. On the passage, cf. *M. of V.* ii. 5. 11-18.

3. *Forth of doors*. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 160: "thrust forth of Milan;"

3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 157: "forth of France," etc.

9. *Answer every man directly*. See on i. 1. 12 above.

12. *You were best*. Originally the *you* was dative (*to you it were best*), but it came to be regarded as a nominative. Hence we find in S. "I were better" (2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 245), "I were best" (1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 82), "She were better" (*T. N.* i. 2. 27), "Thou'rt best" (*Temp.* i. 2. 366), etc.

19. *Bear me a bang*. Get a blow from me. See on i. 2. 261 above.

28. *My name is Cinna*. Helvius Cinna. The conspirator was Cornelius Cinna.

35. *Turn him going*. Send him packing. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 1. 38: "Do this expediently, and turn him going."

37. *To Brutus', to Cassius'*. That is, to Brutus's house, etc.



ROMAN MATRON

ACT IV

SCENE I. — *The Same. A Room in Antony's House.* The heading in the folio is simply "*Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.*" That the scene is laid at Rome is evident from the fact that Lepidus is sent to Cæsar's house for the will, and told that on his return he will find Antony and Octavius "Or here, or at the Capitol." Their actual place of meeting, however, was on a small island in the river Rhenus (now the *Reno*), near Bononia (*Bologna*).

Cf. North (*Life of Antony*): "thereupon all three met together (to wit, *Cæsar, Antonius, and Lepidus*) in an Island environed round about with a little River, and there remained three days together. Now as touching all other matters, they were easily agreed, and did divide all the Empire of ROME between them, as if it had been their own Inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death: for every one of them would kill their Enemies, and save their Kinsmen and friends. Yet at length, giving place to their greedy desire to be revenged of their Enemies, they spurned all reverence of Blood, and holiness of friendship at

their feet. For *Cæsar* left *Cicero* to *Antonius* will, *Antonius* also forsook *Lucius Cæsar*, who was his Uncle by his Mother: and both of them together suffered *Lepidus* to kill his own Brother *Paulus*. Yet some Writers affirm, that *Cæsar* and *Antonius* requested *Paulus* might be slain, and that *Lepidus* was contented with it. In my Opinion there was never a more horrible, unnatural, and cruel change then this was. For thus changing murder for murder, they did as well kill those whom they did forsake and leave unto others, as those also which others left unto them to kill: but so much more was their wickedness and cruelty great unto their friends, for that they did put them to death being innocents, and having no cause to hate them."

1. *Their names are prick'd.* See on iii. i. 217 above.

5. *Who is your sister's son.* According to Plutarch, the person was *Lucius Cæsar*, and Mark Antony was *his* sister's son. It cannot be the aged *Publius* of iii. i. 86 fol. above.

12. *Unmeritable.* Without merit, undeserving. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 155: "my desert Unmeritable shuns your high request." See on ii. i. 134 above. For *slight*, cf. iv. 3. 37 below.

22. *Business.* Here, as not unfrequently, a trisyllable. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. i. 217: "To see this business. To-morrow next," etc. On the passage, cf. *Oth.* i. i. 44 fol.

27. *In commons.* In the common pastures, like those familiar to S. in his native town.

28. *Soldier.* A trisyllable; as in iv. 3. 51 below.

32. *Wind.* Cf. the transitive use in 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. i. 109: "To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus."

34. *In some taste.* In some measure or degree.

37. *On objects, arts, and imitations,* etc. Antony says that "Lepidus feeds not on objects, arts, and imitations generally, but on such of them as are out of use and staled (or worn out) by other people, which, notwithstanding, begin his fashion (or with which his following the fashion begins)." The passage has been much discussed and variously emended.

40. *A property.* A chattel, or mere piece of property. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 4. 10.

41. *Listen.* Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 12: "To listen our purpose," etc.

42. *Powers.* That is, forces. Both *power* and *powers* were used in this sense. Cf. iv. 3. 167, 304, and v. 3. 52 below. *Puissance* was used in the same sense; as in *K. John*, iii. 1. 339: "Cousin, go draw our puissance together," etc.

Make head = raise an armed force; a common meaning of *head*. Cf. *Cor.* ii. 2. 92, iii. 1. 1, *Ham.* iv. 5. 101, etc.

44. *Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out.* The reading of the 2d folio. The 1st folio has: "Our best Friends made, our meanes stretcht"; which is evidently a mutilated line. Several emendations have been proposed, but nothing better than the one here adopted. The meaning is: Those who will be our best friends secured (or made the most of), and our best resources taxed to the utmost.

47. *Answer'd.* Faced, met; as in *K. John*, v. 7. 60, *2 Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 197, *Lear*, iii. 4. 106, etc.

49. *Bay'd*, etc. See on iii. 1. 205 above and iv. 3. 28 below; and cf. *Macb.* v. 7. 1, etc.

SCENE II. — 5. *To do you salutation.* Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 210: "done salutation;" *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 26: "Do my good-morrow."

6. *He greets me well.* His greeting does me honour. Cf. *2 Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 69.

7. *In his own change*, etc. Either because of some change in himself, or through the misconduct of his officers.

12. *Full of regard.* Cf. iii. 1. 225 above.

14. *Let me be resolv'd.* See on iii. 1. 132 above.

16. *Instances.* *Instance* is a word used by S. with various shades of meaning, which it is not always easy to distinguish — "motive, inducement, cause, ground; symptom, prognostic; information, assurance; proof, example, indication." Here it seems to mean "proofs of familiarity."

23. *Hot at hand.* That is, when held by the hand, or led.
Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 2. 22: —

"those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage."

26. *Fall their crests.* Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 379: "make him fall His crest." This transitive use of *fall* is common in S.

Jades. Worthless or vicious nags. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 26: "he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts," etc.

41. *Be content.* That is, *contain* (or restrain) yourself.

46. *Enlarge your griefs.* Set forth fully your grievances. On *griefs*, cf. i. 3. 117 and iii. 2. 215 above.

50. *Lucius, do you the like.* The folio reads as follows: —

"Lucilius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we haue done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doore."

Craik was the first to transpose *Lucius* and *Lucilius*, which both mends the measure and removes the absurdity of associating a servant-boy and an officer of rank in the guarding of the door. Cassius sends *his* servant Pindarus with a message to his division of the army, and Brutus sends his servant Lucius on a similar errand. The folio itself confirms this correction, since it makes *Lucilius* oppose the intrusion of the *Poet*, and at the close of the conference Brutus addresses "*Lucilius* and *Titinius*," who had evidently remained on guard together all the while.

SCENE III. — Cf. North (*Life of Brutus*): "Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little Chamber together, and bade every man avoid, and did shut the doors to them. Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a weeping. Their friends, that were with-

out the Chamber, hearing them loud within and angry between themselves, they were both amazed and afraid also, lest it would grow to further matter: but yet they were commanded, that no man should come to them. Notwithstanding, one *Marcus Phaonius* [Favonius], that had been a friend and follower of *Cato* while he lived, and took upon him to counterfeit a Philosopher, not with wisdom and discretion, but with a certain bedlam and frantick motion: he would needs come into the Chamber, though the men offered to keep him out. But it was no boot to lett *Phaonius*, when a mad mood or toy took him in the head: for he was a hot hasty man, and suddain in all his doings, and cared for never a Senatour of them all. Now, though he used this bold manner of speech after the profession of the Cynick Philosophers, (as who would say, Dogs), yet his boldness did no hurt many times, because they did but laugh at him to see him so mad. This *Phaonius* at that time, in despite of the Door-keepers, came into the Chamber, and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the Verses which old *Nestor* said in *Homer*: —

“ ‘*My Lords, I pray you hearken both to me,
For I have seen moe years than suchie three.*’

Cassius fell a laughing at him: but *Brutus* thrust him out of the Chamber, and called him Dog and counterfeit Cynick. Howbeit his coming in brake their strife at that time, and so they left each other.”

Coleridge says: “I know no part of Shakespeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being superhuman than this scene between *Brutus* and *Cassius*.”

2. *You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella.* Cf. North (*Life of Brutus*): “The next day after, *Brutus* upon complaint of the *SARDIANS*, did condemn and note *Lucius Pella* for a defamed Person, that had been a *Prætor* of the *ROMANS*, and whom *Brutus* had given charge unto: for that he was accused and convicted of robbery, and pilfery in his Office. This judgement much misliked

Cassius, because he himself had secretly (not many days before) warned two of his friends, attainted and convicted of the like offences, and openly had cleared them: but yet he did not therefore leave to employ them in any manner of service as he did before. And therefore he greatly reprov'd *Brutus*, for that he would shew himself so straight and severe, in such a time as was meetier to bear a little, then to take things at the worst. *Brutus* in contrary manner answered, that he should remember the Id's of *March*, at which time they slew *Julius Caesar*, who neither pill'd nor polled¹ the Countrey, but onely was a favourer and suborner of all them that did rob and spoil, by his countenance and authority." *Noted* = stigmatized, disgraced.

4. *Wherein my letter*, etc. This is the reading of the 2d folio, and furnishes the simplest correction of the 1st, which gives: —

"Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man was slighted off."

8. *That every nice offence*, etc. That every petty offence should bear its comment, or criticism. See on i. 2. 120 above.

10. *Condemn'd to have*. Condemned as having, accused of having.

11. *Mart*. Market, trade. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 363: "You have let him go, and nothing marted with him." See also *Cymb.* i. 6. 151.

19. *For justice sake*. The folio prints "for Iustice sake." Cf. *Cor.* ii. 3. 36: "conscience sake." We even find "fashion sake" (*A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 271), "oath sake" (*T. N.* iii. 4. 326), "safety sake" (*1 Hen. IV.* v. 1. 65), etc.

¹ To *pill* is to pillage or rob, and to *poll* is to strip or plunder. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 246: "The commons hath he pill'd;" Spenser, *State of Ireland*: "They will poll and spoyle soe outragiously, as the verye Enemye cannot doe much woorse." The two words are often joined, as here. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* v. 2. 6: "Which pols and pils the poore in piteous wize;" Holinshed, *History of Ireland*: "Kildare did use to pill and poll his friendes, tenants, and reteyners."

20. *What villain*, etc. That is, who that touched his body was such a villain that he stabbed, etc. Cf. v. 4. 2 below.

28. *Bay not me*. The folio has "baite not me," which, if it is what S. wrote, is a metaphor taken from bear-baiting; but the repetition of *bay* is in S.'s manner, and the meaning is essentially the same. Cf. iii. 1. 205 and iv. 1. 49 above.

32. *To make conditions*. To arrange the terms on which offices should be conferred.

36. *Have mind upon your health*. Look to your safety.

37. *Slight man*. Cf. iv. 1. 12 above.

38. *Is 't possible?* This interruption does not break the measure of what Brutus is saying. Such instances are not rare.

45. *Observe you*. Be obsequious to you. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 30: "For he is gracious, if he be observ'd," etc. See also *Mark*, vi. 20, where most of the early versions have "gave him reverence."

51. *Soldier*. A trisyllable; as in iv. 1. 28 above.

54. *I shall be glad to learn of noble men*. This is the folio reading, but some editors alter *noble* to "abler," referring to what Cassius has said — "Older in practice, abler than yourself," etc.

69. *Respect not*. Regard not, care not for. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 134, *Cymb.* i. 6. 155, etc.

73. *Than to wring*. Cf. i. 2. 169 above.

75. *By any indirection*. By "indirect crooked ways" (2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 185) or dishonest practice. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 276.

80. *Rascal counters*. Puttenham (*Arte of English Poesie*, 1582) says: "*Raskall* is properly the hunter's term given to young deer, lean and out of season, and not to people." Cf. Drayton, *Polyolbion*, Song 13: "The bucks and lusty stags among the rascals strewed." *Counters* were round pieces of metal used in casting accounts. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 38: "I cannot do 't without counters;" *Cymb.* v. 4. 174: "pen, book, and counters," etc. Here the word is used contemptuously for money.

93. *Alone on Cassius*. On Cassius only. *Cassius* is a trisyllable here.

94. *Aweary of the world.* Cf. *Macb.* v. 5. 49: "I gin to be aweary of the sun," etc.

96. *Check'd like a bondman.* Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 149: "his master Will check him for 't." The noun also is used in the sense of rebuke, reproof. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 67: "a fault To incur a private check," etc.

101. *Dearer than Plutus' mine.* The folio has "Deerer then *Pluto's Mine*," and in *T. and C.* iii. 3. 197: "euery graine of *Plutoes gold*."

102. *If that.* See on iii. 1. 93 above.

108. *Dishonour shall be humour.* Any indignity that you offer shall be regarded as a mere caprice.

109. *With a lamb.* The *lamb* is Brutus.

110. *As the flint bears fire.* Cf. i. 2. 172 above.

111. *Who.* See on i. 3. 20 above.

114. *Blood ill-temper'd.* As Wright notes, Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, describes the four humours, blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy, corresponding to the four elements, upon the tempering or mixing of which depended the "temperament" of a man's body. See also on v. 5. 73 below; and cf. John Davies of Hereford's *Microcosmos*:—

"Well-tempered, is an equal counterpoise
Of th' Elements' forementioned qualities
Ill tempred's that where some one Element
Hath more dominion then it ought to haue;
For they rule ill that haue more regiment
Then nature, wisdom, right, or reason gaue."

Vexeth. The singular verb is often found with two singular nominatives.

122. *Leave you so.* Let it pass.

133. *Fashion.* A trisyllable. See on 51 above.

135. *These jiggling fools.* These rhyming fools. *Jig* used to mean a metrical composition, as well as a dance.

136. *Companion, hence!* For this contemptuous use of *companion*, cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 10. 33: "Why, rude companion," etc. It is found in this sense as late as 1748 in Smollett's *Roderick Random*: "Scurvy companion! Saucy tarpaulin! Rude, impertinent fellow!"

148. *How scap'd I killing.* *Scape* is commonly printed as a contraction of *escape*, but we find it also in prose; as in Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. 14. 9: "such as had scaped shipwreck," etc. S. uses it much oftener than *escape*.

150. *Upon what sickness?* Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 225: "When he shall hear she died upon (that is, in consequence of) his words."

Impatient of my absence, etc. "This speech is throughout a striking exemplification of the tendency of strong emotion to break through the logical forms of grammar, and of how possible it is for language to be perfectly intelligible, sometimes, with the grammar in a more or less chaotic or uncertain state" (Craik).

152. *Have made.* The plural is used as if the preceding *with* had been *and*; not an uncommon mistake in our day.

153. *Tidings.* Like *news*, used by S. both as singular and as plural. Cf. v. 3. 54 below.

With this she fell distract. For the form *distract*, see on i. 3. 134 above. S. also uses the obsolete *distraught*; as in *R. and J.* iv. 3. 49: "Or, if I wake, shall I not be distraught," etc.

154. *Her attendants absent*, etc. Cf. North (*Life of Brutus*): "And of Porcia, Brutus Wife, Nicolaus the Philosopher, and Valerius Maximus do write, that she determining to kill herself (her Parents and friends carefully looking to her to keep her from it) took hot burning coals and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choaked herself."

163. *Call in question.* Consider, discuss.

168. *Bending their expedition.* Directing their march. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 136.

171. *That by proscription*, etc. Cf. North (*Life of Brutus*): "After that, these three Octavius Cæsar, Antonius, and Lepidus

made an agreement between themselves, and by those Articles divided the Provinces belonging to the Empire of ROME among themselves, and did set up Bills of Proscription and Outlawry, condemning two hundred of the noblest men of ROME to suffer death; and amongst that number, Cicero was one."

181. *Nor nothing*. Cf. iii. 1. 92, 155 above.

189. *Once*. Some time or other. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 4. 103: "I pray thee, once to-night Give my sweet Nan this ring."

192. *In art*. That is, in theory, as opposed to practice, implied in the next line.

194. *Our work alive*. That is, the work that we the living have to do.

201. *Of force*. Of necessity; as in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 421, etc. Cf. *perforce*, which is frequent in S., and is still used in poetry.

207. *New-added*. With added numbers, or reinforced.

218. *Omitted*. Neglected. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 183, etc.

222. *Ventures*. For the nautical sense (still in use), cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 15: "had I such venture forth," etc.

226. *Niggard*. For the verb, cf. *Sonn.* 1. 12: "mak'st waste in niggarding."

229. *My gown*. Dressing-gown, or "night-gown." See note at beginning of ii. 2 above.

238. *What! thou speak'st drowsily?* etc. "Brutus, with his beautiful freedom from the petty self-interests of daily life, is gentle and considerate towards every one. The servants have lain down. Lucius drops away into the irresistible sleep of boyhood. Brutus, who at the call of duty could plunge his dagger into Cæsar, cannot wake a sleeping boy. . . . He gently disengages the instrument from the hand of Lucius, and continues his book where he had left it off last night. There is nothing more tender in the plays of S. than this scene. The tenderness of a man who is stern is the only tenderness which is wholly delicate and refined" (Dowden).

239. *Poor knave*. That is, poor boy; the original sense of the word.

O'erwatch'd. Worn out with watching. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 177: "All weary and o'erwatch'd." In *M. N. D.* v. 1. 373, we have it in its active form:—

"I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn
As much as we this night have overwatch'd."

254. *Canst thou hold up*, etc. The 2d folio gets the passage "somewhat mixed":—

"Canst thou hold up thy instrument a straine or two,
And touch thy heavy eyes a-while."

260. *I know young bloods.* See on i. 2. 147 above.

266. *Thy leaden mace.* Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 4. 44:—

"But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
Arrested all that courtly company."

In both cases, the mace is the club borne by an officer of justice; as in *C. of E.* iv. 3. 28. It means *sceptre* in *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 278: "The sword, the mace, the crown imperial."

271. *The leaf turn'd down.* S. was thinking of modern books. The Roman books, or rolls, had no leaves. Cf. i. 2. 261, ii. 1. 315, and iii. 2. 76 above.

272. *Where I left reading.* Cf. North (*Life of Brutus*): "*Brutus* was a careful¹ man, and slept very little, both for that his Diet was moderate, as also because he was continually occupied. He never slept in the day time, and in the night no longer then the time he was driven to be alone, and when every body else took their rest. But now whilst he was in War, and his head over-busily occupied to think of his affairs, and what would happen,

¹ That is, full of care. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 298; "careful hours;" *Rich. III.* 3. 83:—

"By Him that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd."

after he had slumbered a little after supper, he spent all the rest of the night in dispatching of his weightiest Causes; and after he had taken order for them, if he had any leasure left him, he would read some Book till the third Watch of the night, at what time the Captains, petty Captains and Colonels, did use to come to him. So, being ready to go into EUROPE, one night very late (when all the Camp took quiet rest) as he was in his Tent with a little light, thinking of weighty matters, he thought he heard one come in to him, and casting his eye towards the door of his Tent, that he saw a wonderfull strange and monstrous shape of a body coming towards him, and said never a word. So *Brutus* boldly asked what he was, a God or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The Spirit answered him, I am thy evill Spirit, *Brutus*: and thou shalt see me by the City of PHILIPPES. *Brutus* being no otherwise afraid, replied again unto it: Well, then I shall see thee again. The Spirit presently vanished away: and *Brutus* called his men unto him, who told him that they heard no noise, nor saw any thing at all."

See also the *Life of Cæsar*: "he thought he heard a noise at his Tent door, and looking towards the light of the Lamp that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible Vision of a man, of a wonderfull greatness, and dreadfull look, which at the first made him marvellously afraid. But when he saw that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bed-side, and said nothing; at length he asked him what he was. The Image answered him: I am thy ill Angell, *Brutus*, and thou shalt see me by the City of PHILIPPES. Then *Brutus* replied again, and said, Well, I shall see thee then. Therewithall, the Spirit presently vanished from him."

273. *How ill this taper burns!* Because of the appearance of the ghost. Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 181: "The lights burn blue," etc. Here the poet follows North.

278. *And my hair to stare.* Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 213: "With hair up-staring, — then like reeds, not hair."

304. *Set on his powers.* See on i. 2. 11 and iv. 1. 42 above.



MEDAL OF BRUTUS

ACT V.

SCENE I.—4. *Their battles.* Their *battalions*, or forces. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. chor. 9: "Each battle sees the other's umber'd face," etc.

5. *Warn.* Summon. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 39: "to warn them to his royal presence;" *K. John*, ii. 1. 201: "warn'd us to the walls," etc.

8. *Could be content.* Would be glad.

10. *With fearful bravery.* With "gallant show" (13), but real fear. For *bravery* = bravado, cf. Bacon, *Essay* 57: "To seek to extinguish anger utterly, is but a bravery of the *Stoicks*." For *fearful* = timorous, faint-hearted, see *V. and A.* 677: "Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs"—the creatures being "the timorous flying hare" (called "the fearful flying hare" in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 130), the fox, and the roe. See also *Judges*, vii. 3, *Matthew*, viii. 26, etc.

14. *Their bloody sign of battle.* Cf. North (*Life of Brutus*): "The next morning by break of day, the Signall of Battell was set out in *Brutus* and *Cassius* Camp, which was an arming Scarlet Coat."

17. *Even.* Level; as in *Lear*, iv. 6. 3, etc.

19. *Exigent.* Exigency. Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 14. 63: "when the exigent should come." In the only other instance in which S. uses the word (1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 9), it means *end*:—

"These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Grow dim, as drawing to their exigent"

20. *I do not cross you*, etc. No explanation that has been given of this line seems to me satisfactory. I take it that Octavius instead of opposing Antony (as the critics assume), yields to him, and does it readily, with a play upon *cross*: "I do not cross you (in Antony's sense of the word), but I *will* cross you (in the sense of crossing over to the other side of the field);" and with the word he *does* cross over. According to Plutarch he commanded the left wing, and this makes the play agree with the history. It is also confirmed by the context. So far from setting himself in opposition to Antony, Octavius in his very next speech asks the former whether they shall *give sign of battle*, and when Antony says *no* he at once accepts this decision and gives orders accordingly.

24. *Answer on their charge*. Await their onset.

25. *Make forth*. Advance.

26. *Stir not*, etc. Addressed to Titinius. Cf. 22 above.

33. *The posture of your blows are yet unknown*. The plural is due to the intervening *blows*.

34. *The Hybla bees*. Hybla in Sicily was famous for its honey. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 47: "the honey of Hybla."

49. *The proof of it*. The proof of the arguing; that is, the arbitrament of the sword, to which it is the prelude.

51. *Goes up*. Will be sheathed.

54. *Have added*, etc. Have added another victim to your traitorous swords.

58. *Strain*. Race. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 394: "he is of a noble strain;" *Per.* iv. 3. 24: "To think of what a noble strain you are," etc.

59. *Honourable*. Thus in the folio, but possibly a misprint for "honourably" ("honourable"). Cf. v. 5. 79 below.

60. *A peevish schoolboy*. *Peevish* generally signified in the time of S. "silly, foolish, trifling," etc. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 1. 93: "How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep, What ship of Epidamnus stays for me?" and 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 181 fol.: —

"*Suffolk*. No loving token to his majesty?

Margaret. Yes, my good lord, — a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet tainted with love, I send the king.

Suffolk. And this withal.

[*Kisses her*.]

Margaret. That for thyself: — I will not so presume
To send such peevish tokens to a king."

70. *As this very day*. *As* is often used in this way in statements of time. Cf. *M. for M.* v. i. 74: "One Lucio as then the messenger," etc.

72. *Be thou*, etc. According to North (*Life of Brutus*), Cassius said, "*Messala*, I protest unto thee, and make thee my Witness, that I am compelled against my mind and will (as *Pompey* the Great was) to jeopard the liberty of our Countrey to the hazard of a Battell."

78. *Our former ensign*. Our forward ensign. Cf. Harrison, *Description of Britaine*, 1577: "It [brawn] is made commonly of the fore part of a tame Bore . . . of his former partes is our Brawne made;" and Spenser, *F. Q.* vi. 6. 10: —

"Yet did her face and former parts professe
A faire young Mayden, full of comely glee;
But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse
A monstrous Dragon full of fearefull ugliness."

North (*Life of Brutus*) says: "When they raised their Camp, there came two Eagles that flying with a marvellous force, lighted upon two of the foremost Ensigns, and always followed the Soldiers, which gave them Meat, and fed them, untill they came near to the City of PHILIPPES; and there one day onely before the Battel, they both flew away."

81. *Who to Philippi here consorted us*. On *who*, see on i. 3. 20 above. On the transitive use of *consort*, cf. *C. of E.* i. 2. 28: "And afterwards consort you till bed-time," etc. *S.* also uses *consort with*; as in *R. and J.* iii. 1. 48: "thou consort'st with Romeo," etc.

85. *As we were*, etc. *As if we were*, etc. Cf. iii. 1. 99 above.

90. *Constantly*. Firmly. Cf. the adjective in iii. 1. 22, 60, 72 above.

93. *Lovers*. See on ii. 3. 8 above.

94. *Incertain*. See on i. 3. 4 above.

95. *Let's reason with the worst*, etc. Cf. North (*Life of Brutus*): "There *Cassius* began to speak first, and said: The gods grant us, O *Brutus*, that this day we may win the Field, and ever after to live all the rest of our life quietly one with another. But sith the gods have so ordained it, that the greatest and chiefest things amongst men are most uncertain, and that if the Battell fall out otherwise to day then we wish or look for, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determind to do, to flie, or die? *Brutus* answered him, being yet but a young man, and not over greatly experienced in the world, I trust¹ (I know not how) a certain rule of Philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove *Cato* for killing himself, as being no lawfull nor godly act, touching the gods: nor concerning men, valiant; not to give place and yeeld to divine Providence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send us, but to draw back and flie: but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind. For, if it be not the will of God that this Battell fall out fortunate for us, I will look no more for hope, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune."

99. *Even by the rule*, etc. The meaning apparently is, I am determined to *do by* (that is, act in accordance with, govern myself by) the rule of that philosophy, by which I did blame *Cato*, etc.

103. *To prevent The time of life*. To anticipate the full time or natural period of life. For *prevent* in this etymological sense, cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 305: "So shall my anticipation prevent your discovery" (anticipate your disclosure). See also *Psalms*, xviii. 5, cxix. 147, and 1 *Thessalonians*, iv. 15.

¹ This is an old form of the past tense, and = trusted. Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 347: "I fast and pray'd," etc.

105. *To stay the providence.* To await it (*not* to hinder or delay it); as in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 258: "We'll stay your leisure."

108. *Thorough the streets.* See on iii. i. 137 above.

109. *No, Cassius, no,* etc. "Brutus is at first inclined to wait patiently for better times, but is roused by the idea of being 'led in triumph,' to which he will never submit. The loss of the battle would not alone have determined him to kill himself, if he could have lived free" (Ritson). See p. 223 below.

SCENE II.—On this scene, and the following ones, cf. North (*Life of Brutus*): "Then *Brutus* prayed *Cassius* he might have the leading of the right Wing, the which men thought was far meeter for *Cassius*, both because he was the elder man, and also for that he had the better experience. But yet *Cassius* gave it him, and willed that *Messala* (who had charge of one of the warlikest Legions they had) should be also in that Wing with *Brutus*. . . . In the mean time *Brutus*, that led the right Wing, sent little Bills to the Colonels and Captains of private Bands, in the which he wrote the word of the Battell."

"First of all he (*Cassius*) was marvellous angry to see how *Brutus* men ran to give charge upon their Enemies, and tarried not for the word of the Battell, nor commandment to give charge: and it grieved him beside, that after he had overcome them, his men fell straight to spoil, and were not carefull to compass in the rest of the Enemies behind: but with tarrying too long also, more then through the valiantness or foresight of the Captains his Enemies, *Cassius* found himself compassed in with the right wing of his Enemies Army. Whereupon his horsemen brake immediatly, and fled for life towards the Sea. Furthermore, perceiving his Footmen to give ground, he did what he could to keep them from flying, and took an Ensign from one of the Ensign-Bearers that fled, and stuck it fast at his feet: although with much ado he could scant keep his own Guard together. So *Cassius* himself was at length compelled to flie, with a few about him, unto a little

Hill, from whence they might easily see what was done in all the plain: howbeit *Cassius* himself saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, saving that he saw (and yet with much ado) how the Enemies spoiled his Camp before his eyes. He saw also a great Troop of Horsemen, whom *Brutus* sent to aid him, and thought that they were his Enemies that followed him: but yet he sent *Titinnius*, one of them that was with him, to go and know what they were. *Brutus* horsmen saw him coming afar off, whom when they knew that he was one of *Cassius* chiefest friends, they shouted out for joy, and they that were familiarly acquainted with him, lighted from their Horses, and went and embraced him. The rest compassed him in round about on horse-back, with Songs of Victory, and great rushing of their Harness, so that they made all the Field ring again for joy. But this marred all. For *Cassius* thinking indeed that *Titinnius* was taken of the Enemies, he then spake these words: Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face. After that, he got into a Tent where no body was, and took *Pindarus* with him, one of his Bondmen whom he reserved ever for such a pitch, since the cursed battle of the PARTHIANS where *Crassus* was slain, though he notwithstanding scaped from that overthrow: but then casting his cloak over his head, and holding out his bare neck unto *Pindarus*, he gave him his head to be stricken off. So the head was found severed from the body: but after that time *Pindarus* was never seen more. Whereupon, some took occasion to say that he had slain his master without his commandment. By and by they knew the horsemen that came towards them, and might see *Titinnius* crowned with a Garland of triumph, who came before with great speed unto *Cassius*. But when he perceived, by the cries and tears of his friends which tormented themselves, the misfortune which had chanced to his Captain *Cassius* by mistaking, he drew out his sword, cursing himself a thousand times that he had tarried so long, and slew himself presently in the field. *Brutus* in the mean time came forward still, and under-

stood also that *Cassius* had been overthrown: but he knew nothing of his death, till he came very near to his Camp. So when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of *Cassius*, calling him the last of all the ROMANS; being impossible that ROME should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man as he: he caused his body to be buried, and sent it to the city of THASSOS, fearing lest his funerals within the Camp should cause great disorder." . . .

"There was the son of *Marcus Cato* slain, valiently fighting among the lusty youths. For, notwithstanding that he was very weary and overharried, yet would he not therefore fly, but manfully fighting and laying about him, telling aloud his name, and also his fathers name, at length he was beaten down among many other dead bodies of his enemies which he had slain round about him. So there were slain in the field, all the chiefest Gentlemen and Nobility that were in his Army, who valiantly ran into any danger to save *Brutus* life: amongst whom there was one of *Brutus* friends called *Lucilius*, who see a troop of barbarous men, making no reckoning of all men else they met in their way, but going altogether right against *Brutus*, he determined to stay them with the hazard of life, and being left behind, told them that he was *Brutus*: and because they should believe him, he prayed them to bring him to *Antonius*, for he said he was afraid of *Cæsar*, and that he did trust *Antonius* better. These barbarous men being very glad of this good hap, and thinking themselves happy men, they carried him in the night, and sent some before unto *Antonius* to tell him of their coming. He was marvellous glad of it, and went out to meet them that brought him. . . . In the meantime *Lucilius* was brought to him, who with a bold countenance said: *Antonius*, I dare assure thee, that no enemy hath taken, or shall take *Marcus Brutus* alive: and I beseech God keep him from that fortune: but wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself. . . . *Lucilius* words made them all amazed that heard him. *Antonius* on the other side, looking upon all them that had brought

him, said unto them : My friends, I think ye are sorry you have failed of your purpose, and that you think this man hath done great wrong : but I assure you, you have taken a better booty then that you followed. For, instead of an Enemy, you have brought me a friend : and for my part, if you had brought me *Brutus* alive, truly I cannot tell what I should have done to him. For I had rather have such men as this my friends then my enemies. Then he embraced *Lucilius*, and at that time delivered him to one of his friends in custody ; and *Lucilius* ever after served him faithfully, even to his death."

"Furthermore, *Brutus* thought that there was no great number of men slain in battle : and, to know the truth of it, there was one called *Statilius*, that promised to go through his Enemies, for otherwise it was impossible to go see their Camp : and thereupon if all were well, he would lift up a torch-light in the Air, and then return again with speed to him. The torch-light was lift up as he had promised, for *Statilius* went thither : and a good while after *Brutus* seeing that *Statilius* came not again, he said : If *Statilius* be alive he will come again. But his evil fortune was such that, as he came back, he fell into his Enemies hands and was slain. Now the night being far spent, *Brutus* as he sate bowed towards *Clitus* one of his men, and told him somewhat in his ear : the other answered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proved *Dardan*, and said somewhat also to him : and at the last he came to *Volumnius* himself, and speaking to him in Greek, prayed him, for the studies sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would help him to put his hand to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. *Volumnius* denied his request, and so did many others : and amongst the rest, one of them said, there was no tarrying for them there, but they must needs fly. Then *Brutus* rising up, said, We must fly indeed, but it must be with our hands, not with our feet. Then taking every man by the hand, he said these words unto them with a chearful countenance : It rejoyceth my heart, that none of my friends hath failed me at my need, and I do not com-

plain of my fortune, but onely for my countries sake : for as for me, I think my self happier than they that have overcome, considering that I have a perpetuall fame of vertue and honesty, the which our Enemies the Conquerors shall never attain unto by force nor money; neither can let¹ their posterity to say, that they being naughty and unjust men, have slain good men, to usurp tyrannicall power not pertaining to them. Having so said, he prayed every man to shift for himself, and then he went a little aside with two or three onely, among the which *Strato* was one, with whom he came first acquainted by the study of Rhetorick. He came as near to him as he could, and taking his sword by the hilt with both his hands, and falling down upon the point of it, ran himself through. Others say that not he, but *Strato* (at his request) held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and that *Brutus* fell down upon it, and so ran himself through, and died presently. *Messala*, that had been *Brutus* great friend, reconciled afterwards to be *Octavius Cæsar's* friend, and shortly after, *Cæsar* being at good leisure, he brought *Strato*, *Brutus* friend unto him, and weeping said : *Cæsar* behold, here is he that did the last service to my *Brutus*. Then *Cæsar* received him, and afterwards he did as faithfull service in all his affairs, as any GRECIAN else he had about him, untill the Battle of ACTIUM."

SCENE II. — 1. *Bills*. Billets, written orders.

SCENE III. — 4. *I slew the coward, and did take it from him*. That is, took the *ensign* from him. *Ensign* means either the standard or the standard-bearer, and here it may be said to be used for both. —

7. *Took it too eagerly*. Followed up the advantage too eagerly.

11. *Far*. See on iii. 2. 169 above.

18. *Yond*. See on i. 2. 190 above.

32. *Now some light*. Not to be printed 'light, for the word is not a contraction of *alight*, and is common enough in prose. See the

¹That is, hinder.

description of this scene in North, quoted above; and cf. *Genesis*, xxiv. 64, *2 Kings*, v. 21, etc.

38. *Saving of thy life*. The *of* is not now allowed with the participle, but it is often so used in S. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 4: "Here was he merry hearing of a song," etc.

43. *The hilts*. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 4. 160: "with the hilts of thy sword." S. uses *hilts* of a single weapon five times, *hilt* three times.

51. *But change*. Only a succession of alternations.

61. *Thou dost sink to night*. Some print "to-night"; but, as Craik remarks, "a far nobler sense is given to the words by taking *sink to night* to be an expression of the same kind with *sink to rest*."

65. *Mistrust of my success*. See ii. 2. 6 above.

85. *But hold thee*. See i. 3. 116 above.

86. *Bid*. S. often uses *bid* for both *bade* and *bidden*. He has *bade* frequently, but *bidden* only once (*Much Ado*, iii. 3. 32).

96. *In our own proper entrails*. *In* for *into*, as often. For *proper*, see on i. 2. 38 above.

97. *Whether*. See on i. 1. 62 above.

99. *The last of all the Romans*. Some read "Thou last"; but North has the expression (see extract above), and S. probably copied it.

101. *Moe*. See on ii. 1. 72 above.

104. *Thassos*. An island in the Ægean near Philippi.

105. *His funerals*. The plural is like *obsequies*. S. uses *funerals* only twice (not counting a third instance, in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 14, where it is a true plural), while he has *funeral* some fifteen times. The latter occurs five times (as a noun) in act iii. of the present play.

106. *Discomfort*. Discourage. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 10. 10: "My lord, you do discomfort all the host."

108. *Set our battles on*. Put our forces in battle array. Cf. v. 1. 4 above.

SCENE IV. — 2. *What bastard doth not?* See on ii. 1. 138 and iv. 3. 20 above.

12. *Only I yield to die.* I yield only to die. This transposition of *only* is not uncommon in S.

13. *There is so much,* etc. So much money, on condition that thou wilt kill me at once.

SCENE V.—5. *Hark thee.* Here *thee* is probably a corruption for *thou*.

14. *That it runs over.* So that, etc. See on i. 1. 46 above.

19. *And this last night here in Philippi fields.* Cf. North (*Life of Cæsar*): "The second Battell being at hand, this Spirit appeared again unto him, but spake never a word. Thereupon *Brutus* knowing that he should die, did put himself to all hazard in Battell, but yet fighting could not be slain." See also *Life of Brutus*: "The ROMANS called the Valley between both Camps, the PHILIPPIAN Fields."

23. *Have beat us.* Cf. *Cor.* i. 6. 40: "had beat you," etc. S. more commonly has *beaten*.

33. *Farewell to thee, too, Strato.* Notice the change, from the repeated *you*, addressed to friends in line 31, to *thee* in speaking to the servant Strato. When a master is finding fault with a servant he often uses the unfamiliar *you*.

45. *Of a good respect.* Cf. i. 2. 55 above.

46. *Some smatch.* Another form of *smack*, which S. uses elsewhere.

55. *Make a fire of him.* Burn his body. See on iii. 2. 76 above.

59. *Lucilius' saying.* See v. 4. 21, 22 above.

60. *I will entertain them.* I will take them into my service. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 6. 83: "You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred," etc.

61. *Bestow thy time with me.* Give up thy time to me, become my servant.

62. *Ay, if Messala will prefer me to thee.* *Prefer* seems to have been the established phrase for *recommending a servant*. Cf. Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. 21. 1: "And if it be said, that the cure of men's

minds belongeth to sacred divinity, it is most true ; but yet moral philosophy may be preferred unto her as a wise servant and humble handmaid."

68. *This was the noblest Roman*, etc. Cf. North (*Life of Brutus*) : "For it was said that *Antonius* spake it openly divers times, that he thought, that of all them that had slain *Cæsar*, there was none but *Brutus* onely that was moved to do it, as thinking the act commendable of it self : but that all the other Conspiratours did conspire his death for some private malice or envy, that they otherwise did bear unto him."

69. *Save only he*. See on iii. 2. 63 above.

72. *And common good to all*. The force of the preposition *in* is carried over to this line, though *for* would be expected. It is a kind of zeugma.

73. *His life was gentle*, etc. This passage resembles one which appears in the revised edition of Drayton's poem of *The Barons' Wars*, published in 1603, and it has been a matter of dispute among the critics which poet was the borrower. If either, it must have been Drayton, since we know that *Julius Cæsar* was written before 1601 (see p. 10 above) ; but there may have been no imitation on either side. The notion that man was composed of the four elements, earth, air, fire, and water, and that the well-balanced mixture of these produced the perfection of humanity, was then commonly accepted. Cf. Ben Jonson, *Cynthia's Revels*, ii. 3 : "A creature of a most perfect and divine temper, one in whom the humours and elements are peaceably met, without emulation of precedency."

The following is the form in which the passage in Drayton appears in the edition of 1603, and in five subsequent editions published during the next ten years :—

"Such one he was, of him we boldly say,
In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,
In whom in peace th' elements all lay
So mixt, as none could sovereignty impute ;

As all did govern, yet all did obey:
His lively temper was so absolute,
That 't seemed when heaven his model first began,
In him it showed perfection in a man."

In the edition of 1619 it is recast as follows: —

"He was a man (then boldly dare to say)
In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit,
In whom so mixt the elements did lay
That none to one could sovereignty impute;
As all did govern, so did all obey:
He of a temper was so absolute
As that it seemed when Nature him began,
She meant to show all that might be in man."

81. *To part the glories*, etc. That is, to share or divide them.
Cf. *Matthew*, xxvii. 35.

APPENDIX

THE ROME OF "JULIUS CÆSAR"

FEW traces of the Rome of *Julius Cæsar*—at least of what is specifically mentioned in the play—are still to be seen in the ancient city. Of the Capitol, where Cæsar was not killed (see introductory note to iii. 1 above) nothing remains above ground. The theatre of Pompey, referred to several times in the play, was about half a mile from the Capitol, and portions of the foundation are extant. "Pompey's porch," as Shakespeare calls it, was the splendid portico of a hundred columns in front of this theatre. In this portico was a *basilica*, or hall of justice; and here, according to Appian, Brutus, in discharge of his duties as prætor, sat in judgment on the morning of Cæsar's assassination. Hard by was the *Curia*, or hall in which the meetings of the Senate were sometimes held. Here it was that, "at the base of Pompey's statua, which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell."

This statue has come down to our time—as the weight of evidence seems to prove—and is still to be seen in the Spada Palace at Rome. Its identity has been disputed by a few eminent antiquarians and art critics, but the majority of them believe it to be the veritable *Pompey's statua* of the play. It was dug up in 1553 in a spot which exactly corresponds to its location in the time of Augustus, who removed it from the Curia to the front of the neighbouring basilica. It is eleven feet high, and of Greek marble. It holds a globe in the left hand, which has led some to consider it a statue of Augustus rather than of Pompey; but the head is not like any of the busts of Augustus, and, as Lord Broughton has suggested, the globe "may not have been an ill-applied flattery to him who found

Asia Minor the boundary, and left it the centre of the Roman Empire." The history of the statue is somewhat curious. When discovered, it was lying across the boundary line of two estates, the owners of which quarrelled for its possession. At last they were on the point of settling the dispute after a precedent established by Solomon, by cutting the marble in two and carrying off the halves. Cardinal Capo di Ferro happened to come along just at this moment, and prevented the bisection; in recognition of which service to art and history Pope Julius III. bought the statue for 500 crowns and presented it to the cardinal. When the French were in Rome, the figure actually suffered a surgical operation for another purpose. It was determined to have a performance of Voltaire's *Brutus* in the Coliseum, and it was thought to be a pretty bit of stage effect to have the mimic Cæsar fall, as his great prototype had done, "at the base of Pompey's statua." This thoroughly "Frenchy" idea was carried out, and to facilitate the removal of the colossal figure, the right arm was temporarily amputated. Byron apostrophizes the statue thus in *Childe Harold* (iv. 87):—

"And thou, dread statue! yet existent in
The austerest form of naked majesty,
Thou who beheldest mid the assassins' din,
At thy bath'd base the bloody Cæsar lie,
Folding his robe in dying dignity,
An offering to thy altar from the queen
Of gods and men, great Nemesis! did he die,
And thou too perish, Pompey? Have ye been
Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a scene?"

A red stain on the left leg and foot of the statue is believed by some credulous folk to be the veritable blood of the mighty Julius, but sceptical critics say that it is one of those stains produced by iron compounds which not unfrequently occur in certain varieties of Greek marble. If that be not the true explanation, I should suspect that the mark was due to the French theatrical blood poured out in the Coliseum on the occasion referred to above.

The "market-place," as Shakespeare calls it, where Brutus and Antony harangued the people, and where the body of Cæsar was burned, was of course the Forum ; and the position of the "pulpit," or *rostra*, is now well established. As one looks down into the Forum to-day, he can imagine the scene, — the art and eloquence of Antony, the growing excitement of the audience as he displays the robe of Cæsar pierced through and through by the daggers of his murderers, and then the body itself "marred with traitors," and the uncontrollable enthusiasm of the crowd when, refusing to allow the corpse to be carried to the Campus Martius, where a funeral pile had been prepared for it, they heap up chairs, benches, tables, whatever they can lay hands upon, and burn the mangled remains right there in the Forum itself. This was against all law and usage, but the occasion was such as had never been known and could never occur again. There was but one Cæsar, though many afterwards claimed the honour of the name, and his funeral might well be unique in Roman history.

COMMENTS ON SOME OF THE CHARACTERS

BRUTUS. — Brutus has been called "the most perfect character in Shakespeare but for one great error in his life." Whether we are willing to admit this or not, he is clearly one of the most admirable creations of the dramatist's genius, and one for whom his author felt a peculiar paternal affection. And yet Brutus, even more than Cæsar, has been in some respects a puzzle to the critics. They are perplexed by certain apparent inconsistencies in his character; but these are really consistent with the character, and Shakespeare intended that we should recognize them as inconsistencies. Brutus has allowed himself to be drawn into a position where it is impossible that he should be entirely true to himself, and these inconsistencies are the inevitable result. He is one of

the noblest and purest of men, but is implicated in a conspiracy which, though nominally patriotic in its purpose, is utterly base and execrable in the means it proposes for carrying out that purpose, and in which his companionship has been sought by the unscrupulous leaders mainly to give a colour of honesty and right to the enterprise and win for it the popular approval. "O Cassius," says Cinna, "if you could but win the noble Brutus to our party!" and a moment later Casca exclaims: —

"O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness."

The figure is an expressive one. The indorsement of the plan by one like Brutus, in whose pure patriotism the people had full confidence, would seem to transmute the base and worthless metal of that plan to golden virtue and worthiness — that is, in the people's eyes. There is to be no real transformation. The name of Brutus is to be used to gull the people — to *gild* the base metal that it may *seem* to be gold, though worthless as before.

Once committed to the conspiracy, Brutus is naturally one of the leaders in it. He takes that position at once by the right of the ablest, — the divine right of a real king among men, — and also in part by his very nobility of character, which his companions cannot but respect in spite of themselves. Again and again this drives him to frank opposition of Cassius and the rest; and he always carries the point, though always in the wrong, so far as the interests of the conspiracy are concerned, and often failing to convince the others that he is right.

But Brutus cannot in all cases have his own way in the management of the enterprise, and hence he sometimes finds himself in a position where inconsistency is inevitable. Moreover, he is lacking in practical wisdom. He is a scholar, a philosopher, a man of books, an idealist. He is more at home in the world of books —

of theories and ideals — than in that of real life. He seems to me to be the type of a certain class of reformers — men of the noblest sentiments and the most patriotic and philanthropic intentions, but incapable of carrying these out wisely in action. Such men easily become the tools of the unscrupulous, as Brutus of Cassius. They are often inconsistent in argument, often influenced by one-sided views of a question, deciding it hastily and unwisely.

Coleridge was particularly perplexed by the soliloquy of Brutus in ii. i. 10–34; but nothing could be more natural when we understand the man. It is perfectly consistent with his character as I have imperfectly sketched it. Shakespeare, moreover, intended that we should see in it the fatal mistake that Brutus makes, in order that later we may recognize the poetic justice of his failure and his destruction.

“It must be by his death,” Brutus says at the start — but why? Again and again he admits that it is not for anything that Cæsar has done, or shown any disposition to do. But

“He would be crown’d.

How that *might change* his nature, there 's the question.”

Ambitious men, when they attain the height to which they have aspired, are apt to “abuse their greatness” and become tyrants.

“So Cæsar *may*.

Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel

Will bear no colour for the thing he is,

Fashion it thus: that what he is, *augmented*,

Would run to these and these extremities;

And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,

Which hatch'd would, as his kind, grow mischievous,

And kill him in the shell.”

That is, he resolves to kill his friend and benefactor, not for what he has been or what he is, but for what he may become. This is his error, his crime, and for this the vengeance of the gods, whose prerogatives he has rashly assumed, falls upon him.

Shakespeare has emphasized the error and the inconsistency of Brutus by making him, not long afterwards, reprove Cassius for suggesting in regard to Antony the very same course, and on the very same grounds, which he himself here justifies in the case of Cæsar : —

"Decius. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar ?

Cassius. Decius, well urg'd. I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar. We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver, and *you know his means,*
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all ; which to *prevent,*
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Brutus. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards ;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood ;
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar ! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it ! " —

must, solely for what he may become, the very reason which the shrewd Cassius has given for killing Antony.

In the famous tent-scene (iv. 3) we learn that Brutus has sent to Cassius for gold to pay his legions; and he gives his reason for doing it: —

" I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ; —
For I can raise no money by vile means.
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection."

Admirable sentiments, and worthy of the man who utters them! But the legions must be paid, and Brutus must get the money somehow. *He* can raise none by vile means, and sends to Cassius for it; but he knows how Cassius raises it. He has just been reading him a moral lecture on the meanness of bribery and having an itching palm and selling offices to undeservers, and the like. He did not accept the excuse made by Cassius: —

“ In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment; ”

that is, situated as we are, we cannot afford to be overscrupulous; it is no time for punishing petty offences as in strict justice they might deserve. And from his point of view Cassius was unquestionably right.

In that most pathetic scene (v. 1), where Brutus and Cassius, both despondent, are anticipating the worst that may befall, and saying the farewells that may prove to be the last they can exchange, there is an illustration of this inconsistency of Brutus — the philosopher and idealist brought face to face with the stern realities of life — which has been a stumbling-block to the critics, and which some of them have explained as probably due to a misapprehension of a passage in North's *Plutarch*. I believe that Shakespeare knew what he was writing, and that he inserted it mainly as an illustration of this characteristic of Brutus.

“ <i>Cassius</i>. The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may, Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age! But since the affairs of men rest still incertain, Let's reason with the worst that may befall. If we do lose this battle, then is this The very last time we shall speak together; What are you then determined to do?	Now, most noble Brutus,
---	--------------------------------

Brutus. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself. I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life, — arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cassius. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome ?

Brutus. No, Cassius, no ! think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun ;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take ;
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
If not, why, then this parting was well made."

If what Brutus says in the first of these speeches is compared with what North (see page 206 above) ascribes to him, it will be seen that Shakespeare has varied from Plutarch, whose meaning is perhaps made clearer in Langhorn's translation: "In the younger and less experienced part of my life, I was led, upon philosophical principles, to condemn the conduct of Cato in killing himself. I thought it at once impious and unmanly to sink beneath the stroke of fortune, or to refuse the lot that had befallen us. In my present situation, however, I am of a contrary opinion." Shakespeare, on the contrary, makes Brutus say, in reply to the question of Cassius, that he is *now* determined to act in accordance with the philosophy that led him to condemn Cato for killing himself ; but when he is asked if his philosophy will enable him to endure the disgrace of being led in captive bonds through the streets of Rome, his answer is, "No, Cassius, no !" Philosophy is thrown to the winds. Plu-

tarch tells us that Brutus studied the doctrines of all the sects, but "above all the rest he loved Plato's sect best;" but now he lends no ear to Plato's injunction

"That men, like soldiers, must not quit the post
Allotted by the gods."

Craik believes that the inconsistency in the two speeches of Brutus is only apparent. He asks: "But how did Cato act? He slew himself that he might not witness and outlive the fall of Utica. This was merely 'for fear of what might fall,' to anticipate the end of life. It did not follow that it would be wrong, in the opinion of Brutus, to commit suicide in order to escape any certain or otherwise inevitable calamity or degradation, such as being led through the streets of Rome by Octavius and Antony."

For myself, I cannot see any real difference in the two cases. The republican cause was utterly ruined by the defeat of Scipio at Thapsus, and Utica, which Cato had been defending, fell into the hands of the enemy. He killed himself to escape the personal suffering and disgrace that he knew must then come to him. Brutus declares that he will not kill himself if his cause is ruined, but will bravely await the will of the gods; but when he is reminded of the personal degradation that he must bear as a captive, his philosophy breaks down at once, and he resolves to die rather than go bound to Rome. He has blamed Cato for the death which he did give himself, but now he will take the very same course that Cato did, and for virtually the same reasons.

Moreover, we remember that Brutus was ready to kill Cæsar for "what might fall," though now he thinks it "cowardly and vile" for Cato to kill himself on account of similar "fear." Murder was justified by the same logic by which suicide is condemned. But this is only another illustration of the accurate self-portraiture of the man as "poor Brutus, with himself at war."

When, a little later, Brutus bids farewell to his other friends, it is characteristic of him that he can say: —

"Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me."

Well might his enemy Antony say of him at the end of the play:

"This was the noblest Roman of them all,
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

Antony speaks for the dramatist no less than for himself. "This was a man," indeed, and one whom Shakespeare loved as a kindred soul, while he lamented his hapless end — the penalty he paid for his one great error, a crime of the deepest dye, though inspired by the purest patriotism.

CASSIUS. — Cassius is a worse man than Brutus, but a better statesman, or rather politician. He is shrewd and fertile in expedients, but not overburdened with principle or conscience. He is tricky, and believes that the end justifies the means. He can write anonymous letters to Brutus "in several hands, as if they came from several citizens," and can post campaign placards on old Brutus' statue and scatter them where they "will do most good." Though none too honest himself, he understands the value of a good name to "the cause." He secured Brutus, and suggested the policy of gaining Cicero; and Metellus gives reasons for it precisely like those urged in the case of Brutus: —

"O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion.
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no wit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity."

But Brutus objects, and Cassius agrees with him : —

“ *Brutus.* O, name him not ; let us not break with him,
For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.

Cassius. Then leave him out.”

Bishop Wordsworth notes here that this is not the motive assigned by Plutarch for not “sounding” Cicero, and wonders how Shakespeare came to adopt it. Plutarch says (as translated by North) : “They were afraid that he being a coward by nature, and age also having increased his fear, he would quite turn and alter all their purpose, and quench the heat of their enterprise (the which specially required hot and earnest execution), seeking by persuasion to bring all things to such safety as there should be no peril.” Hudson remarks : “Brutus knows full well that Cicero is not the man to play second fiddle to any of *them* ; that if he have anything to do with the enterprise, it must be as the leader of it, and the biggest man in it, and that is just what Brutus wants to be himself.” He adds : “Merivale thinks it a great honour to Cicero that the conspirators did not propose the matter to him.” Bishop Wordsworth says that Merivale “has given no such favourable opinion of Cicero,” and quotes his words as follows : “All men and all parties agreed that he [Cicero] could not be relied upon to lead, to co-operate, or to follow. . . . We should deem the conspirators guilty of a monstrous oversight in having neglected to enlist him in their design, were we not assured that he was not to be trusted as a confederate either for good or for evil.” Mr. Aldis Wright observes that “Shakespeare had read Cicero’s character with consummate skill ;” and, to my thinking, this explains the departure from his usual authority (Plutarch) which puzzles the bishop.

To return to Cassius, whom we must not take to be worse than he really is. As a politician he is a believer in “expediency” — whatever is likely to secure the end in view is right ; but as a man he has many fine traits of character. If it were not so, Brutus could

not love him as he does. Brutus does not suspect how Cassius gulls him with anonymous letters and the like, but he knows his brother's weaknesses, as we learn from the tent-scene; and his warm friendship for Cassius is Shakespeare's strongest testimonial to the better side of that man. Cassius has a high sense of personal honour withal. He is indignant when Brutus accuses him of having "an itching palm"; but he has just told Brutus that bribery is not to be judged severely when it seems necessary for political purposes. There spoke the politician; in the other case, the man. He would be an invaluable manager of the party "machine" in our day, and sure of a seat in Congress if not of higher official honours.

ANTONY. — Antony is a character that Shakespeare has followed beyond the limits of the present play to the end of his checkered career. He has the same easy principles as Cassius, who understood him better than Brutus did when he called him "but a limb of Cæsar" and protested against letting him share the fate of Cæsar. Brutus had before sneered at the "quick spirit" that was in Antony and made him "gamesome"; but the wary and sagacious Cassius, who, as Cæsar had noted, was "a great observer" and "looked quite through the deeds of men," recognized the real ability of the man, only the more dangerous from his want of principle. But Brutus saw only the profligate, "given to sports, to wildness, and much company," who, rather than die for his friend Cæsar, would live and laugh at his fate; and so Antony, contrary to the judgment of Cassius, was suffered to "outlive Cæsar."

A second time Brutus is at fault in his judgment of Antony, when he begs leave to pronounce the funeral eulogy on Cæsar; and again Cassius protests against the course his brother is taking, but, as in every other instance of the kind, yields the point, though unconvinced and anxious concerning the issue. When Antony, after pretending to make friends with the conspirators, asks that he may, as a friend of Cæsar, "speak in the order of his funeral," Brutus at once replies, "You shall, Mark Antony." Cassius takes him aside, and says:—

" You know not what you do. Do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter? "

But Brutus, confident in the justice of his cause, and all unskilled in the arts of demagogism, has no anxiety as to the result. " By your pardon," he says,

" I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death;
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong."

Cassius doubts it: " I know not what may fall; I like it not." Brutus, however, believes that he can guard against the danger his partner evidently apprehends. He will tell Antony just what he may and may not do and say:—

" Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do 't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended."

Antony, well pleased with the guileless restrictions that Brutus imposes, replies: " Be it so; I do desire no more."

Let us now follow them to the Forum, and listen to the two orators as they address the throng that has gathered there on this exciting and eventful day.

It is to be noted that the speech of Brutus is in *prose*, though elsewhere in the play he speaks only in verse. It is the poet's way

of emphasizing the mistake that Brutus makes. Confident in the purity of his motives, in his love of liberty and of Rome, he assumes that a plain, straightforward statement of the case must commend itself to his fellow-citizens, — Romans, lovers of their country like himself, — and that no tricks of rhetoric are needed to enforce and impress it. He believes that it will suffice, as he has intimated to Cassius, to “show the *reason* of our Cæsar’s death”; and to the people, before beginning his speech, he says: —

“And public *reasons* shall be rendered
Of Cæsar’s death.”

The acclamations of the fickle populace at the close of the speech show that the evident honesty and patriotism of the man have for the moment carried his audience with him; but he has made the fatal blunder of letting Antony speak after rather than before him; and it is characteristic of Brutus that, when the rabble are eager to “bring him to his house with shouts and clamours,” and to “let him be Cæsar,” he will not take advantage of the tide that would bear him on to fortune. He remembers his promise to Antony, and will see that it is kept: —

“Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony;
• • • • •
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.”

“Stay, ho!” is the cry of the citizens, “and let us hear Mark Antony,” — and the fate of Brutus and the conspiracy is sealed.

The famous oration of Antony displayed at once the strength and the weakness of the man. If it had been the honest, disinterested, patriotic utterance it professed and seemed to be, it would have been as noble as it was able and brilliant; but it was simply a superb piece of demagogism. It was perfect of its kind, but it was the lowest kind of oratory.

The speech ends with the announcement of Cæsar’s gifts to the

plebeians in his will — the meanest but most effective appeal that could be made to them. “Here was a Cæsar” indeed for them; “when comes such another?” But what are almost the first words of this friend of the people when he next appears on the stage?

“But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar’s house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.”

Cæsar’s eloquent executor will cheat the legatees of the dead Dictator by garbling the will. The next moment, when Lepidus has gone on this errand, Antony says to Octavius : —

“This is a slight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands; is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?”

He goes on to plot against his partner, calling Lepidus a mere ass, to be tolerated while he is useful as a beast of burden, and then to be turned off, like the ass, “to shake his ears and graze in commons.”

We get only these casual glimpses of Antony after the great scene in the Forum, but they all unite to illustrate the tricky man’s utter lack of principle. He is a profligate turned demagogue, as later we find him a demagogue turned profligate again. He plays upon the Roman populace as upon a pipe by the subtlety and sophistry of his oratory; but he himself becomes a pipe on which the Egyptian siren plays what tune she will.

PORTIA. — It is interesting to note the side lights that Shakespeare has thrown upon the character of his beloved Brutus in his domestic relations. Portia, one of the noblest of the poet’s women, is a worthy mate for her noble husband; and Shakespeare has given us no more beautiful and impressive picture of conjugal love and fidelity than theirs. Portia’s conception of her rights as a wife might satisfy the most “advanced” views of our own day, while at

the same time it is associated with the tenderest and most devoted affection.

"No, my Brutus," she says, when he tries to evade her appeal for his confidence by telling her that he is not well,

"You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of; and upon my knees
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
Why you are heavy," —

And again : —

"Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife."

No wonder that he exclaims : —

"You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart."

Portia knows her rights as a wife, and can claim them no less eloquently and lovingly;¹ but she also has a delicate perception of the wisdom of occasionally refraining to urge them. In the dialogue that precedes what I have just quoted, she tells how she had noted her husband's disturbance of mind; and she adds : —

¹ By the way, is there any earlier expression of this kind in our literature or any other literature — at least, any that is so explicit and emphatic, and at the same time so tender and womanly?

"And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
 I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot.
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
 But with an angry wafture of your hand
 Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did;
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience
 Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
 And, could it work so much upon your shape
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief."

What womanly, wifely wisdom there! To see that to persist in her appeal, loving though it was, could only strengthen the impatience she was striving to overcome; and withal to make allowance for the effect of "humour"—the transient mood, due to causes within or without, which for the time makes the man other than himself—changing him sometimes so completely that, as Portia says, if his personal appearance were proportionally transformed, his own wife would not know him!

The married relations of Brutus and Portia are ideally beautiful, but equally beautiful, and in some respects more remarkable, is the almost affectionate regard of Brutus for the slave boy Lucius. It is Shakespeare's way of adding a new grace to a character otherwise singularly gracious as well as grand. To me it seems of peculiar interest as giving us a glimpse of "Shakespeare the Man." The poet himself must have had that delicate consideration for others, even for those in humblest condition. It is one of many indications in his works that he was a man of peculiar *refinement*—a *gentleman*, in the truest and best sense of the word.

THE "MORAL" OF THE PLAY

Shakespeare is a great moral teacher, and there is more than one moral lesson in each of his plays. Of the present play it has been said that "like *King John*, it is a lesson in political ethics;" and, as in that, the doctrine of "expediency" is shown to be as dangerous, as fatal, in the long run, as it is unworthy. "If even Brutus, seeking with the noblest motives to make evil his good, found that evil sown was evil reaped, still less can men of lower lives hope for success in an attempt to advance public good by means that, if suggested for their private good, they would avoid as infamous. There is no distinction between public and private morality."

Assassination is no legitimate means of political reform — least of all when the evils it would cure are only those that *may* come, not such as are known to exist — the serpent's egg that may not prove to be a serpent's, or, if it is, may never be hatched.

Thrice has this been most impressively illustrated in our own national history; but anarchists and assassins are slow to learn the lesson of Cæsar's murder almost two thousand years ago, and the many lessons of similar crimes in the intervening centuries; but the truth remains true, as when Christ first enunciated it, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword!"

THE TIME-ANALYSIS OF THE PLAY

This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877-79, p. 199) thus:—

"Time of the Play, 6 days represented on the stage; with intervals.

Day I. Act I. sc. i. and ii.

Interval — one month.

[An interval is required historically, but Dr. Furnivall says : "Note how the evening of March 14 is seemingly made one with that of Feb. 15 by Cicero's 'Casca, brought you Cæsar home?' (i. 3. 1), as if from the Lupercalia of Feb. 15, B.C. 44. But as on the latter day S. has put the triumph of Cæsar which took place early in the October before (B.C. 45), he may have meant to annihilate the one month, Feb.-March, 44 (not directly mentioned in Plutarch's *Lives*) as he did the four months, Oct. 45-Feb. 44."]

Day 2. Act I. sc. iii.

Day 3. Acts II. and III.

Interval.

Day 4. Act IV. sc. i.

Interval.

Day 5. Act IV. sc. ii. and iii.

Interval — one day at least.

Day 6. Act V.

"'The real length of time in *Julius Cæsar* is as follows: About the middle of February A.U.C. 709, a frantic festival, sacred to Pan, and called *Lupercalia*, was held in honour of Cæsar, when the regal crown was offered to him by Antony. On March 15 in the same year, he was slain. November 27, A.U.C. 710, the triumvirs met at a small island, formed by the river Rhene, near Bononia, and there adjusted their cruel proscription. — A.U.C. 711, Brutus and Cassius were defeated near Philippi' (Upton)."

LIST OF CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

Julius Cæsar : i. 2(39); ii. 2(72); iii. 1(40); iv. 3(3). Whole no. 154.

Octavius : iv. 1(12); v. 1(25), 5(10). Whole no. 47.

Antony : i. 2(6); ii. 2(1); iii. 1(98), 2(146); iv. 1(38); v. 1(22), 4(8), 2(8). Whole no. 327.

Lepidus : iv. 1(4). Whole no. 4.

Cicero : i. 3(9). Whole no. 9.

Publius : ii. 2(1); iii. 1(1). Whole no. 2.

Popilius : iii. 1(2). Whole no. 2.

Brutus : i. 2(73); ii. 1(180), 2(3); iii. 1(79), 2(55); iv. 2(34), 3(204); v. 1(33), 2(6), 3(18), 4(3), 5(39). Whole no. 727.

Cassius : i. 2(143), 3(95); ii. 1(37); iii. 1(46); iv. 2(7), 3(98); v. 1(49), 3(32). Whole no. 507.

Casca : i. 2(67), 3(57); ii. 1(10); iii. 1(2). Whole no. 136.

Trebonius : ii. 1(3), 2(2); iii. 1(3). Whole no. 8.

Ligarius : ii. 1(15). Whole no. 15.

Decius : ii. 1(12), 2(25); iii. 1(7). Whole no. 44.

Metellus : ii. 1(9); iii. 1(8). Whole no. 17.

Cinna : i. 3(9); ii. 1(4); iii. 1(5). Whole no. 18.

Flavius : i. 1(26). Whole no. 26.

Marullus : i. 1(33). Whole no. 33.

Artemidorus : ii. 3(16); iii. 1(4). Whole no. 20.

Soothsayer : i. 2(3); ii. 4(14); iii. 1(1). Whole no. 18.

Cinna (Poet) : iii. 3(16). Whole no. 16.

Lucilius : iv. 2(10), 3(1); v. 1(1), 4(12), 5(2). Whole no. 26.

Titinius : iv. 3(1); v. 3(31). Whole no. 32.

Messala : iv. 3(14); v. 1(2), 3(19), 5(4). Whole no. 39.

Young Cato : v. 3(3), 4(5). Whole no. 8.

Volumnius : v. 5(3). Whole no. 3.

Varro : iv. 3(6). Whole no. 6.

Clitus : v. 5(10). Whole no. 10.

Claudius : iv. 3(4). Whole no. 4.

Strato : v. 5(7). Whole no. 7.

Lucius : ii. 1(17), 4(6); iv. 3(10). Whole no. 33.

Dardanius : v. 5(3). Whole no. 3.

Pindarus : iv. 2(3); v. 3(13). Whole no. 16.

Poet : iv. 3(7). Whole no. 7.

- 1st Commoner* : i. 1(1). Whole no. 1.
2d Commoner : i. 1(20). Whole no. 20.
Servant : ii. 2(5); iii. 1(21), 2(4). Whole no. 30.
1st Citizen : ii. 2(18), 3(5). Whole no. 23.
2d Citizen : iii. 2(18), 3(6). Whole no. 24.
3d Citizen : iii. 2(16), 3(7). Whole no. 23.
4th Citizen : iii. 2(14), 3(9). Whole no. 23.
1st Soldier : iv. 2(1); v. 4(4). Whole no. 5.
2d Soldier : iv. 2(1); v. 4(1). Whole no. 2.
3d Soldier : iv. 2(1). Whole no. 1.
Messenger : v. 1(4). Whole no. 4.
Calpurnia : i. 2(1); ii. 2(26). Whole no. 27.
Portia : ii. 1(62), 4(30). Whole no. 92.
"All" : iii. 2(14); v. 5(1). Whole no. 15.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene ("Globe" edition numbering) is as follows: i. 1(80), 2(326), 3(164); ii. 1(334), 2(129), 3(16), 4(46); iii. 1(298), 2(276), 3(43); iv. 1(51), 2(52), 3(309); v. 1(126), 2(6), 3(110), 4(32), 5(82). Whole number of lines in the play, 2480.

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